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In the Industrial Arts Department of the Vocational School courses are offered in Draughting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. In this department boys are trained for industrial pursuits. The length of the course is three years.

In the Household Arts Department of the Vocational School girls are taught Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Home Management, Cooking and Applied Art. The length of the course is three years.

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NIGHT CLASSES

Vocational Night Classes will open in October, 1935, and will continue until March, 1936. During the past year instruction was given in Cooking, Dressmaking, Typewriting, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Woodworking, Building Construction, Machine Shop Work, Industrial Electricity, Blue Print Reading, Mechanical Drawing, Machine Drawing and Design, Auto Mechanics and Chemistry for Nurses.

All the courses mentioned above have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

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Principal

MR. J. R. MARSHALL,
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THE ECHOES

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THE ECHOES

1934 - 1935



PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

OF

The Peterborough Collegiate and
Vocational School

VOL. XXI.

THE REVIEW PRINTING COMPANY, PETERBOROUGH

◆ Dedication ◆

To

Mr. Louis J. Pettit

Head of the Department of History

we have the pleasure of

dedicating this

the 1934-5 issue of

"The Echoes"

L. J. Pettit

MR. PETTIT is Dean of Principal Kenner's staff of assistants, having come here in 1908. He has always thrown himself very energetically into school activities. For many years he has coached the Juniors in their Rugby games. For years, too, he was a valued member of the Dramatic Committee for the School Play, and for two or three years now he has been Honorary President of the Students' Council.



H. R. H. Kenner, B. A.

Principal

H. R. H. Kenner



The following news items may be of interest to recent graduates of the school:

ATTENDANCE

THE attendance during the present school year has been about the same as it was last year. The highest enrolment was in the month of September when 1027 pupils were in attendance.

FOOTBALL

Although we won no football championships, yet the season was in many respects a satisfactory one. A large number of boys regularly turned out for practice and more teachers than required volunteered their services as coaches for the various teams. The Senior team was good, but lacked the necessary weight. Lindsay with a heavier line and fast half-backs won the district championship without a single loss and their team is to be congratulated on its season's record. Our Junior team was also put out of the running by the Juniors from Seugoville.

For some reason or other there are some boys in the school who have the necessary weight but who refrain from donning the moleskins. We are thus seriously handicapped in having to play against heavier teams. The boys who pass up football lose a good deal of valuable training for the battle of life.

FIELD DAY

This year there has been a marked revival of interest in track and field events, and the most successful Field Day of Sports in the history of the school was held the 2nd Friday in October. Entries for the various events were up in the hundreds. Those responsible for organizing the sports are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. Mr. Shaw of the Ovaltine Company is donating to the school two perpetual challenge cups. These will be much appreciated.

COMMENCEMENT

The annual Commencement was quite a success. The Rev. Dr. Barr was the guest speaker and he gave some valuable advice to members of the graduating classes. The principles alumni were Jack Couper and Gladys Carvolth. The social hour in the gymnasium was thoroughly enjoyed, while the dance of the graduating classes at night was the best in the history of the school.

THE AT HOME

The Students' Council are to be congratulated on the marked success of the annual At Home held during the Christmas holidays.

The gymnasium was beautifully decorated, the orchestra gave splendid satisfaction, refreshments were served in an orderly manner, the gowns were charming and the deportment of the revellers was exemplary. Our At Home is coming to be considered as *the* dance of the holiday season.

THE ECHOES

SICKNESS

We have been unfortunate in having two valued members of the staff absent on account of sickness, namely, Miss Murphy, Head of the English Department in Vocational School, and Miss Faint, Head of the Modern Language Department in the Academic School. We have, however, been fortunate in getting substitute teachers who are doing good work. Miss Dorothy Henry, B.A., a graduate of the school and of Queen's University, has been taking Miss Murphy's work and will continue to do so until the latter returns. Mrs. Hill, who attended the Peterborough Collegiate Institute as Dorothy Bamforth and who subsequently took a brilliant standing at Queen's University, took the Senior French and German during the month of January. On February the first Miss Margaret White, B.A., an honour graduate and specialist in French and German of Toronto University, entered upon her duties as teacher of Senior French and German during the temporary absence of Miss Faint.

DEDICATION

We are pleased to learn that this year's Echoes is to be dedicated to Mr. L. J. Pettit, B.A., Head of the Department of History. Mr. Pettit joined the staff in 1908 at the time when I undertook the duties of principal. I have always found him a loyal colleague and one who has rendered invaluable assistance in the varied extra-curricular activities of the school. I can bear testimony to the fact that upon him the honour has not been undeservedly bestowed.

H. R. H. Kenner.



PRIZE DRAWING

Editor's Note—We trust that our new cover may appeal to our readers. We wish to acknowledge that the design as submitted by Ronald Burns of VA was suggested by the advertising pamphlet put out by the Fairey Aviation Company.



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The Staff of the Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School

(In order of appointment)

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Front Row—Adelia Sargent, Margaret Wyllie, Eileen Doig, Kathleen Thackeray, Eleanor Shadgett, Margaret Grisdale, Jean Hair, Josephine Killoran.



ANOTHER year of the life of our magazine is consummated and you have in your hands the twenty-first edition of "The Echoes." The staff hope that their labours to make this edition the best, have not been in vain. It is also hoped that you will support it in the matter of subscription and patronize the advertisers, without whom it would be impossible to print "The Echoes."

Now let us shift our thoughts to other spheres. A word might be said about school spirit. P.C.V.S. should certainly be proud of its school spirit this year. The enthusiasm of the students this year has been evinced in many ways. We might mention the attendance and cheering at the rugby and basketball games this year. The attendance helps the athletic teams of P.C.V.S. both financially and in keeping up their morale. We also might speak of the School Concert and the At-Home and the School Party, to which the students turned out loyally to back the Students' Council. We hope that this school spirit will continue in the future. If collegiates were ranked in school spirit ours would rank highly, and as the cavalcade of students continues, may we say to them: "Try to carry on in the steps of the students of nineteen hundred and thirty-five."

Now, our Students' Council should be complimented for the excellent work they have done this year. Most assuredly we have an able council to look after our affairs. Everything they have undertaken this year has been brought to a successful conclusion. An innovation was introduced this year—the School Party—and it proved a decided success. But although they have been capable in every task undertaken, yet they have not undertaken one thing—the provision of a school song all our own.

We sing as our school song at present "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," a very fine song, and it shows a great deal of spirit, but it is not our own. Could we not have a song about P.C.V.S., one which is the pride, property and part of P.C.V.S.? Surely there is someone who could compose a song for us. Then having this song we could sing it in place of "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall."

And now having finished our editorial outburst, we shall put forward tokens of thanks for aid received in the publishing of "The Echoes." The staff wish to thank Mr. Morris whose valuable time was spent on the literary side of "The Echoes,"—Mr. C. S. Browne, who put the wheels in motion,—Mr. Wesley Brown and Miss Lees, who looked after the Industrial and Commercial and Household Arts section of the school,—Miss Montgomery the Art supervisor, and Mr. Henry who looked after the Business end of the magazine, a most important part. Miss Murphy who is also on the Advisory Staff, was ill and therefore not able to carry on at the first of the work on "The Echoes."

THE ECHOES

The editor wishes to thank the student staff of "The Echoes" whose help was invaluable in the preparation for our magazine. To all others who helped in any way with "The Echoes" we tender our thanks.

The year 1935 seems to be very unfortunate for our teachers. We regret to say that quite a few have been unable to stand the strain of hammering knowledge into wooden heads. Miss Faint was compelled to leave school before Christmas on account of ill-health, Miss Murphy had to leave for a while, and also Miss Howson, who is away at present. We sincerely hope that these respected teachers will be back in our midst in a very short while.

We also mention, with regret, the passing last fall of Florence Snowden, a student of this school. It is always with sorrow that we see the passing of a student, a young person, just like ourselves.

And so comes to an end the discourse from the editor of this year's "Echoes."

Ferguson Barr.

Literary Contest

IN the Prose and Verse Competition open to Forms V and IV of the Academic School, prizes have been awarded as follows:

Va.—Jean Howson, 1st prize; Arthur Stinson, 2nd prize.

Vb.—Bill Ford, 1st prize; Bill Patterson, 2nd prize.

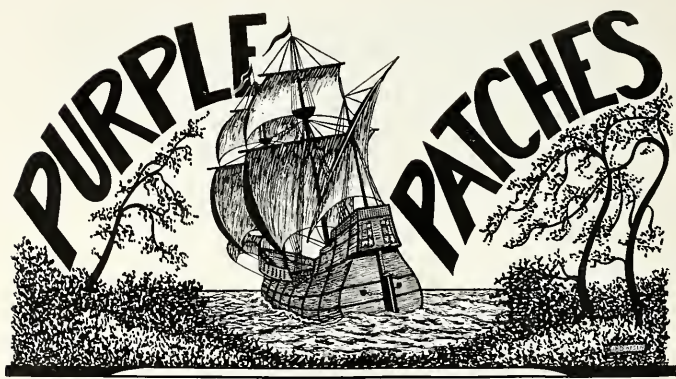
IVb.—Gladys Watson, 1st prize; Hilda Thompson, 2nd prize.

To all these we offer our hearty congratulations. Jean Howson and Gladys Watson won their place with both prose and verse. Owing to obvious limits of space assigned to the various Forms throughout the School in "Purple Patches" we are unable to print more than one article entered by each of the prize winners.

The competition in the Upper School was very keen, and no fewer than eight other students were close runners-up. The best of these turned in some delightful pieces of description and character sketches suggested by the year's reading and study. We were specially pleased with the work of Helen Steer, Kathleen Foster, Mary Walker, Barbara Dawson, Alice Darling, Jack Borland, Walter Howell and Clarence Stabler; also with that of Beverley Rogers in Form IV. We are glad to be able to publish two of these contributions in addition to those of the prize-winners—Helen Steer's "Legend of Glendalough" and Beverley Rogers' "Only a Daub of Paint."

F. M.





October the Twelfth, 1934

ARE there any of my readers who can recall the special significance of that date? October the twelfth? No! the Morro Castle disaster did not occur on that day. Picturing with sympathy your puzzled countenances, the futile distortions of your imaginations, I will reveal all. October the twelfth 1934 saw the successful renewal of the Field Day, held by the Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School after an interval of two years—years long to be remembered for the apathetic manner in which the student body regarded such sports. During those years it would have taken a super-man, with the courage of Richard Coeur de Lion, overflowing with optimism, to predict the return of track and field sports to our collegiate.

The idea of resuming the Field Day was planted in the minds of the student body, early in September, by Mr. Craig, who announced that training facilities were at the disposal of those interested in track and field competitions. Immediately under the guidance of various members of the staff, practices were held on the school campus and at the Exhibition Grounds. Before many days had elapsed the pupils as a whole availed themselves of these opportunities and due to this fact it was readily seen that the number of athletes would compare favourably with that of other years.

The weather man, as though an old student trying to assist his Alma Mater, must have been working in conjunction with the athletic committee. The weather belonged to that mythical period of the year known as Indian Summer. You who have studied chemistry realize the importance of mixing in the right proportions to attain success. Imagine if you can the effect of sunlight, occasional showers and drying breezes, on a smooth-surfaced half mile track, surrounding a picturesque green infield, conveniently situated before a capacious grandstand.

As a lengthy list of statistics at this point would prove boring, I will deal lightly with this phase of sports day. The boys' section was divided into four groups, Senior, Intermediate, Junior and Juvenile, according to the ages of the contestants. The girls were placed in three groups, namely Senior, Intermediate and Junior. In all there were approximately 550 competitors brought together in a total of 60 events. These figures point out the fact that over one half of the student body participated in Field Day, which had been in the doldrums the past few years.

THE ECHOES

To my mind the boys' Intermediate section provided the highlights of a thrill-packed afternoon. Every event was keenly contested, and W. Wright at the close of the afternoon was declared Intermediate Champion, having amassed a total of 30 points. In doing this he showed sufficient stamina and versatility to carry off top honours in the 100 yards, 220 yards, javelin, discus and shot put. Another promising performer was revealed to the eyes of the spectators in the person of Peggy Lawless, who won the cup awarded to the Junior Girl Champion. Douglas Cruthers, who won the Senior quarter mile after a great deal of stiff opposition, was so hard pressed that he set a new record for this distance. The other groups while not breaking any records provided many crowd-pleasing struggles before the ultimate winners were decided. This statement applies more to the girls than to the boys as the "fair ones" practically fought tooth and nail before they would concede any event to their opponents.

I have, during my short span of life, witnessed the British Empire Games and many of the finest indoor track performances on this continent. Therefore, I feel that I am justified in offering criticism which I know will help to improve the calibre of our track and field athletes. Namely this, more than two months training must be undertaken before teen-aged boys and girls can be expected to enter meets and give performances of which they are capable. Then, with this in mind, I advocate the organizing of a track team in this collegiate in order that the bearers of the "garnet and grey" may regain a little of the prowess, which their predecessors attained in this province in the past.

William Ford, 5B. Academic.

Horse Sense

MANY essays have been written to prove that a certain animal is more intelligent than all others. Some writers have been impressed by the playfulness of kittens and have passed on their impressions to others. Some have been moved to literary effort by a dog or dogs which have displayed ability or sagacity unusual in dumb animals. We also have a wealth of stories about horses, some entirely fictitious, and some founded on actual facts. I have a team, Molly and Dot, which I drove five years, now on my father's farm.

We purchased these horses from one man and they had always been driven together. They had a friendship between them very similar to humans. They wanted to be pals. They worked together and they wanted to eat, drink and play together. Either one of them was very jealous if the other were given special privileges.

A horse's stomach is very closely related to a man's. Both are very difficult to fill. When considering eating, horses have interesting habits along this line. When cattle are hungry they begin to bawl; when a pig is hungry it will squeal; but when a horse is hungry it saves its breath until it hears someone approaching. When I would open the stable door in the morning I would be greeted by a friendly "Good morning, I'm hungry" from Dot and Molly. But if I waited outside they would not make a sound until I did. Dot was the more insistent speaker in the duet and would not be silent until she received her portion of oats or sugar-beets.

In the apple season I was accustomed to carry my pockets full of apples when I went to work in the fields, and eat them as a sustaining lunch between meals. When

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I would stop the team to sit down on the plough or other implement to eat, Dot and Molly would look around at me and whinny, then try to turn about in their harness to get their noses closer to the apples. You should have seen the dejected look on their faces, if this brought no response. But if I had more apples I would feed them out of my hand and they would grin "from ear to ear"; for if there is only one thing horses like, it is apples.

In summer our stock had to come to the barn for water and we pumped it by hand. If the trough were dry, we had only to look for Dot to find it out. If she found herself thirsty and no water in the trough she would station herself at the fence to watch for one of us. If we put in an appearance she would neigh, then run to the trough and back again. When I responded she was not forgetful to thank me, even before the water began to pour.

Dot was the more intelligent of the team and also the better natured. Unfortunately however, like some good-natured humans, she was rather lazy and had a streak of mischief in her. These two latter qualities she exhibited in turn one winter morning when I was returning from our local village four miles away. I was driving Dot in the cutter and as the road was slightly drifted, we did not proceed very quickly. The wind was in the north-east and quite cold. Dot was showing no desire to trot, even when I urged her, and being cold I decided to walk behind. All went well until the time for my hourly sneeze. Its arrival startled Dot and finding herself free she was unable to resist the temptation to run. My cries of "Whoa" were unavailing. Dot went home without me. She upset the cutter at the front gate, getting rid of robes and cushions, then jogged right on to the stable door. I met her coming back to look for me about a half mile from home and she seemed to be "hettied up" as much from her exertions as I was from running with a long overcoat on.

When I go home my horses are more joy to me than any other animal and I like to make them glad to see me.

Bill Patterson, Form VB.

Smoke

A SMALL, pale-faced boy sat in a wheel-chair beside a window. His delicate fine face rested in the eup of his hand. He looked happy and contented. His mouth curved in a pleasant line, and his eyes held a wistful, fanciful expression hard to define, yet showing that he was watching something and yet not watching it. His mind was off, rambling in an imaginative world of its own.

What, then, was he watching? What thing of beauty, what object of interest could enrapture the little patient? Outside was a bleak prospect. The dirty yard, the broken pickets in the fence, these could hold no interest. A bare gnarled row of trees along the lane looked drear and melancholy even in the late afternoon sunlight. No living creature could be seen, not even a scrawny alley cat. The skyline was filled with the hulking outlines in various perspectives of dull rectangular factories. A tall black smokestack pointed an accusing finger at the sky and belched sooty invectives against all nature.

And yet there was something entrancing about that smokestack. On the moment one glanced at it, it changed its aspect. Soft billowy clouds floated forth and the rosy sun cast flickering shadows in changing aspect over the rising smoke. They

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twisted, turned and in a sequence of writhing agony vanished into the leaden sky.

In a moment a puff of wind from above changed its direction. The smoke lowered in a black pall, hiding its source. It darkly scowled and clutched with phantom fingers—when—with miraculous rapidity the vision vanished.

Now, for a moment, it climbed straight upward, and one's mind wandered to incense smoke ascending to a pagan god; the throb of drums and the sweet sickening odour of incense and the foul stench of perspiring bodies.

As we watched over the invalid's shoulder, the smoke flattened out. It billowed and rolled, tossed in a hazy spray, while wisps clung tenaciously to life and would not vanish, but floated and tossed once more. A ship could easily have been swamped between those wallowing waves, and no doubt one did, in the fantastic illusion produced before the glistening eyes of the pale-faced boy.

Day after day that smoke rolls on, painting an ever changing succession of romantic pictures in the mind of the watcher. What tales of heroic adventure, deeds of daring and pathetic tragedy pass before his eyes each day and fade into the devouring sky!

It was only an ugly smokestack to the passer-by, but to that boy it was the joy in life.

Arthur Stinson, 5A.

Reverie

Reflecting once in sylvan shade
That, encircled by a rippling brook,
Held hidden in its secret glade
The rural gods the world forsook—
I dreamed I heard a dryad call
Summoning her sisters to woodland hall.
In the shadowy distance, arms entwined,
Dianas' Pleiades danced around;
And following them, her mantle lined
With moonlight showers, on shoulder bound
Her quiver, came—the pure and untouched Artemis
Pursuing the hunt in silent bliss.
The haunting strains from the pipes of Pan
Now floated down from bending hill,
And drew forth all the woodland clan
And Naiads from their mossy rill.
All nature danced around me then;
Oh, would that it might dance again!
But that has passed; I woke once more
To find my dream-land fancies fled,
Old Triton's horn from distant shore
No longer winds. He—all are dead.
Earth's earlier gods are false, it seems,
But let us recall them in our dreams.

Jean Lockhead Howson, Va.

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The Kin

Know ye not of the grey rock's hollow
Where the tokens of kinship lie?
Curling leaf of the rooted tree,
Scent of winds and their memory
And the down of a nesting bird.

Kin are they by the bonds of beauty,
With the dust of the high-hung stars,
Theirs are the laws of the ancient moon,
Dusk and dark and the golden noon,
And the fairy springs of youth.

Know ye not of the nights of music
When the kin of earth are met?—
Through lonely mist and the low-voiced rain
The old kings call their own again
To the rock of Eternity.

Gladys H. Watson, IVB.

Alexander the Great

ONE day after school, I remembered with apprehension, that my presence was requested in the Physics "lab," for reasons which any of the Physics class could have explained. So I hurried up, (at least I think I hurried.)

It was there that I first met Alexander. As my eye lit upon him, he lifted his head and looked enquiringly. We were still surveying one another with interest when the teacher entered. After the not-so-pleasant preliminaries had been dismissed, the afore-mentioned gentleman (not Alexander) turned to me and said, "Do you like him?" "I should say I do, and I think it's mutual" said I, looking at Alexander through the glass of the Aquarium.

"Would you like to have him?"—"I certainly should," I replied, delighted with the generous offer. And so, Alexander, who, by-the-way, is a very small, but nevertheless important-looking turtle, was deposited in a cold cream jar (which he liked very much) and was carried home.

As I walked I began thinking of names for him. I thought like Christopher Robin:—

"Perhaps I shall call him terrible Jim.

Because I am rather fond of him."

Turning other suggestions over in my mind I thought of Rupert, because it sounds important, and of Neptune because it sounds aquatic, but none of these quite suited me. Fortunately I did my Ancient History that night and on opening my book I saw "Alexander the Great" in large letters. "The very name"! thought I, and Alexander he has been ever since, ("Alec" when he's good).

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Now Alexander is a very persevering mud-turtle and an excellent example of what stick-to-itiveness can accomplish. His first home was in a flattish dish, adorned with a lettuce leaf, (for shade). Here I left him for about ten minutes and when I returned to look at him my heart sank, he was gone! From the centre of a long table he had travelled away and was nowhere in sight! After some searching I noticed a dullish spot on the carpet. It was he, lying serenely on his back. He was restored to his dish and he looked so apologetic I was sure he wouldn't misbehave again. However, the next time I returned he was making his way steadfastly towards the edge of the table. He certainly knows the meaning of "try, try again."

Next I "borrowed" a fragile-looking amber glass bowl, the colour of which I thought would blend nicely with my small turtle's complexion. I made a nice muddy bed for him and decorated it with shells to give it a more aquatic atmosphere. He has lived there ever since and has not had another attack of wanderlust. One of the reasons for this is that he has grown lackadaisical. I have discovered the reason.

Soon after I got him he grew into a lazy habit of not moving even his eyelashes for whole days at a time, and everyone that looked at him exclaimed with horror, "Oh, dear, he's dead!" I would then painstakingly explain that he was hibernating. Once I was asked, "Does that mean that he's going to shed his shell?"

There are many advantages about having a turtle for a pet.

For example, they have never been known to bite the neighbours' children or to bark at visitors.

They do not me-ow in a great many major and minor keys on the back fence at midnight; nor scratch the baby.

Turtles do not make lady visitors scream, (although some shudder), as did some white mice my brother once had. Nor do they sing at the tops of their voices while grace is being said, as our two canaries are wont to do, and which was especially annoying when the curate came to tea.

This story, as all good stories should, has a moral. You only have to know Alexander to learn it. He is going to live to be over a hundred years old, so experts say, and it's all because he doesn't let anything bother him. He just sleeps in winter and takes in all he can comprehend in summer. So the moral he suggests is this:

Take life quietly and philosophically, as Alexander does, and you shall probably live to be over a hundred years old.

Hilda Thompson, IVb.



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A Scene on the Kawartha Lakes

THE scene which I have in mind is that of a storm on Stony Lake. It seems to me a rather difficult and somewhat useless task to attempt to describe a spectacle so marvelous and overpowering. However, since I have chosen this as my topic I will try to describe it to the best of my ability. I may say that there are few things so awe-inspiring to me as the subject of my composition—a storm on Stony Lake.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of a day in mid-July, the sun is pouring down its warm beneficence as usual. To-day it shines upon a calm, still lake, woods and marshes which are not pouring forth their usual melodious sounds varying from the deep-throated bass note of the bull frog to the blithesome song of the robin. There is a heavy, oppressive silence hanging over all—even the merry crickets seem subdued.

Suddenly for no reason at all I look up from my book and see above Burleigh Falls about a mile to the west of our cottage a few sullen thunder-heads forming. These dark messengers speak for themselves. They begin to move towards our island which is well out in the middle of the lake about one mile east of Burleigh Falls. Slowly, very slowly, as if they are fighting some strong antagonist who, finding himself overpowered, fights foot by foot a losing battle, they move onward. At last it seems to have been defeated, and the clouds move slowly on, increasing their speed until they come to the very door of the enemy, the sun, when with one gigantic effort it blots out this huge round ball of flaming light and heat and marches on.

Now is heard in the distance, the advance trumpeteers of the legions of storm, thunder. However, by this time a wind has sprung up and vast whitecaps are rising and falling and they cause resounding thuds on the rocks which seem but distant echoes of the thunder. Next are seen near the horizon brilliant flashes of lightning which light up the now dull, drab landscape.

One sees next the rain in the distance approaching nearer every second. The storm now reminds me of a great musical symphony swiftly reaching its zenith point.

Suddenly there is a great flash of lightning, an accompanying crash of thunder, a great gust of wind, a spatter of rain, and the storm has begun.

The waves rise and fall, the trees shiver, the rain lashes out, the thunder booms and crashes, the lightning flashes more brightly still, and the storm has reached its climax.

After about fifteen minutes of what is virtually a tempest, the storm subsides and it settles down to rain steadily for about three quarters of an hour. Then the rain begins to lessen, the wind to die down and in the west the clouds are beginning to disperse. In a few minutes the sky is almost clear.

Then out flashes the sun in its grandeur and there is seen in the sky a rainbow, God's promise to men. Truly this is a fitting grand finale of a magnificent spectacle.

R. Yelland, IIIA.

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Man's Weakness

I was shy of all the girls,
Their presence made me choke,
But now I fall for looks and curls,
They always keep me broke.
You take them to a picture show,
To see their favorite play,
And when you reach the ticket box,
You're the one to pay.
They seem to take you by surprise,
Just sweep you off your feet,
Even boys with strong will power,
Admit that they are beat.
Some prefer blondes, some brunettes,
Some like them short, some tall,
But there's no use denying it,
I, personally, like them all.

Norman Wood, Form III I.A.

Eddie

On the bench did Ascot sit,
A blanket to enfold him.
He said if he got in the game,
The whole team couldn't hold him.
But when he marched onto the field,
He began to swagger;
A team-mate slapped him on the back—
You should have seen him stagger.
He dropped low down upon his knee
To open up a hole,
And once he got to moving
He travelled like a mole.
When he goes lumbering down the field,
The other players sigh.
A small opponent hits him a tap,
And he shouts: "I'm going to die."

K. Wood, Form III I.A.

The Legend of Glendalough

From "By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore" by Tom Moore

LAKE GLENDALOUGH is isolated by its sheer cliffs from the rest of Ireland: it is in Ireland but not of it. The same sun that warms the rest of Ireland shines on Glendalough's rocks, and legend says they are never warmed. And it is truth that the same moon that silvers other waters the world over, gleams on Glendalough's waters, and they lie sullen and black, imprisoned forever in their sullen and cold cliffs. Legend adds that the larks flying over Glendalough, fly hastily and in silence. Nature long ago gave up an unfair struggle and retreated, taking with her even the clover, and leaving behind barrenness and sterility. Glendalough may be a romantic spot, but it is surpassingly gloomy and lonely.

This is the legend of Glendalough.

Among all the young saints who followed after St. Patrick, St. Kevin was the youngest, holiest and most ardent. Desiring only silence and meditation, he fled from all worldly cares and temptations to the gloomy realm of Glendalough. There on the bosom of a bold cliff, he threw himself down at even, to pray and rest, thinking that there at least no woman's smiles could ever haunt him.

But the saint, being a saint, I suppose, little knew that nothing in Heaven or on Earth is a barrier to a woman if she be fond. For even as he sleeps and dreams of Heaven, Kathleen bends over him and weeps.

In truth, it was from Kathleen he fled; Kathleen with her eyes of most unholy blue, who had loved him well and long and thought it not a sin to follow him where'er he went. For this reason she had followed him by day and night, unafraid over plains, burning in the noonday sun, over mountains treacherous to her unskilled feet, through forests that tore at her tender skin and sought, with their millions of

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hands bound in her hair and flowing dress, to restrain her. She had followed on and on, enduring weariness and hunger, scarce noted for the greater pain in her heart.

And now she bends over him and weeps, St. Kevin stirs and awakens, and his eyes meet the mild eyes of Kathleen. Sternly he starts up, he seizes the gentle maiden in ruthless hands, and hurls her from the rock.

The gloomy waves which soon became Kathleen's grave, flash hatefully a moment as the moon shows through a rent cloud, then settle into stillness. Too late, St. Kevin felt her love and mourned her. As he cried "Heaven rest her soul," sweet celestial music drifted lightly round the lake, and Kathleen's ghost was seen to rise and glide, smiling, from the fatal place.

Helen Steer, 5A.

"Only a Daub of Paint"

YOU see that picture there? Now, I don't know *where* that picture came from, *who* painted it, nor the real story it represents,—but to me it means something.

To begin with, I am a lover of antiques. As I was rummaging in an old pawnshop one day, I happened upon this picture. The keeper of the shop was an eccentric old gentleman, inclined to be looked upon as being in his second childhood.

"Well! Well! I knew I'd sell that picture some day. It's been here five years, but I daresay those things mellow with age, eh? Why, only the other day, I was saying to my wife——"

I would have been there yet if I hadn't grabbed my precious burden and fled.

There is something really to the picture, which, even at first glance, compels you to look again. That which struck me first, was the woman, standing in the field, a sheaf of wheat clasped in her arms. Her face is turned toward the setting sun and the reflected light is unearthly. It smoothes the lines of care on the wearied brow with gentle fingers. You catch your breath and a feeling almost akin to holiness steals over. The sun is gathering its great dark cloak over its face and with a last cheerful grin, as he calls his children, sinks slowly to rest. The little beams come dancing back, playfully touching the water of the tiny creek on their way. They twinkle through the old willow, which stands on the bank, its graceful fingers idly rippling the placid water. A high arched bridge spans the surface, adding an old-fashioned touch to the scene.

From the woman's expression you can imagine she sees her dream realized. The parted lips, the set of the tired shoulders and the eyes—which have seen the trivial worries of a day—yet the cares of a lifetime—all tell the same tale. Over all, an atmosphere of peace seems to reign supreme.

Perhaps the painter of this picture lies forgotten in some strange land, or is a poor, struggling artist, who never dreams that his painting has touched a human soul. But whoever he is I say only this—"Thank you."

Beverly Rogers, IIIA Academic.

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Skiing

O'er snow clad fields up hill and down
We wend our way, forsake the town,
Glad to be free as the winds that blow,
Glad to feel the touch of snow.

And we gaze at the beauty of all around,
As it sparkles and flutters to the ground,
To cover the earth with its mantle so white—
Small wonder our hearts are so filled with delight.

For the beauty gives looks and feelings that dart
Like rays of sunshine into our heart,
Nature's enchantment it is that thrills,
That crowds out our cares, our woes and our ills.

If you would care for this kind of a thrill
And be not afraid of a bump or a spill,
Don your warm garments and try out the breeze,
You'll enjoy to the full a jaunt on your skis.

Margaret Morgan, Form III H. A.

The Willow Pattern

THE collectors and admirers of earthenware and porcelain, decorated with the "willow" pattern, have become very numerous. Who has not heard the fascinating little poem:

"Two Pigeons flying high,
Chinese vessels sailing by,
Weeping willow hanging o'er
Bridge with three men—if not four;
Chinese temple, see it stand,
Looking over all the land,
Apple tree with apples on,
A pretty face to end my song."

There are several versions of the rhyme, but this is the form in which it was taught to many people.

The little poem isn't the only story connected with the "willow" pattern; tradition ascribes the scenes depicted to incidents in the love story of a beautiful Chinese maiden.

Koong-Shu was the daughter of a wealthy mandarin, and loved Chang, her father's Secretary. The mandarin, who wished his daughter to marry a wealthy suitor, forbade the marriage, and shut his daughter up in an apartment on the terrace of the house which is seen in the pattern to the left of the temple. From her prison Koong-Shu "watched the willow-tree blossom," and wrote poems in which she expressed her ardent longings to be free ere the peach bloomed. Chang managed to

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communicate with her by means of a writing enclosed in a small coconut shell which was attached to a tiny sail, and Koong-Shu replied in these words, scratched on an ivory tablet: "Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen?" and sent them in a boat to her lover.

Chang, by means of a disguise, entered the mandarin's garden, and succeeded in carrying off Koong-Shu. The three figures on the bridge represent Koong-Shu with a distaff, Chang carrying a box of jewels, and the mandarin following with a whip.

The lovers escaped, and "lived happily ever after" in Chang's house on a distant island until, after many years, the outraged wealthy suitor found them out and burnt their home, when, from ashes of the bamboo grove, their twin spirits rose, Phoenix-like, in the form of two doves.

The original English rendering of the "willow" pattern was designed and engraved by Thomas Minton for Thomas Turner of Caughley in 1780; and specimens are generally marked with a crescent in blue under glaze filled in, the letter C in various forms, and the letter S sometimes associated with a small cross or cross swords.

In addition to the "story" or first pattern there are other "willow" pattern designs, all Oriental and all equally interesting; some have one man, some two men on the bridge, and all of them have a willow in a prominent position. These patterns, copied from porcelain which was so largely imported from China at that time, were engraved between 1780 and 1790 by Minton and his assistants. One of the first of the designs was the "pagoda" or second period pattern, made for Josiah Spode. A conventional border used with this design is the "butterfly" border. It seems to have been made by first drawing a butterfly as Nature made it, and then, "by the use of petals and fish-roe motifs" conventionalized. Between the butterfly and separating it, is the "sceptre" made up of curved lines, which are filled in with trellis pattern. The "lattice" pattern, on the rise of the plate, is also somewhat different from the Caughley design.

The third "willow" pattern period dates from 1800-1830, during which time most English factories, and several Continental ones, made use of it in various forms, and during this time it was not unusual to find specimens marked with the Staffordshire knot, this device being also used on the top of covers in place of, or round, the knob.

Following the prevailing fashion, Wedgwood used the "willow" pattern. Pieces marked "Wedgwood" and bearing this decoration, are to be met with. The pattern is a faithful copy of the Caughley pattern, except in two particulars—namely, the fret of the fence and the number of apples on the tree, Wedgwood's plate having thirty-four and the dishes more.

There are other renderings of the "willow" pattern, such as Davenport, Clews, and Swansea. All of them are more or less alike, but with slight differences in detail, which materially add to the collector's interest. The Swansea "willow" pattern was transfer—printed in dark and light blue, also in black and brown.

In addition to the larger pieces generally met with, many small and dainty specimens were made, such as leaf dishes, soup and sauce ladles, and also pretty little pickle dishes; all of them are still to be picked up at a moderate price.

Isabel Skitch, H. A. III.

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Books

BOOKS are of great value to us, not only as a pastime but also as a means of increasing our knowledge of world customs and policies. It is therefore, advisable that we should read not only as many of the best books as possible, but also those that appeal to us.

One of the most outstanding books of the last year is Mr. J. B. Priestley's "English Journey." Mr. Priestley, a popular novelist and comic writer, has written a compelling account of, "What one man saw, and heard, and felt, and thought, during a journey through England," in the Autumn of 1933. His journey, by bus, train and tram carries him through the big industrial centres of the Midlands, to the north-eastern coal mines and shipbuilding yards. He describes with vivid reality the idle factories and mills, declining trades, rusting ships and waste lands. The views of landscapes, cathedrals, great houses and parks are all that remain of England's past to delight him. He finds the newer England has lost its character and is far too standardized. "English Journey" is entirely devoid of fiction, but nevertheless should prove an interesting book to the general reader.

"European Journey," a book, similar to "English Journey" and written by Sir Philip Gibbs, is an interesting and revealing account of the author's tour of France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria and Germany. He finds that the general complaint of the people of these countries is the burden of heavy taxation and war debts. Sir Philip Gibbs travels through countries where dictators rule and youth is restless.

If you read "In the Steps of the Master" by H. V. Morton, you will find that there is still one country in the world which has not undergone the radical changes that so many of the other countries of the world have undergone. This book, which is a moving and colourful description of Palestine, outlines the author's tour of that country. Mr. Morton shows the reader that, spiritually, the Palestine of today is the same as the Palestine of nineteen centuries ago. He views the past continuously, as the characters of history loom up before him. This book although well-written does not contain enough action to appeal to the majority of readers.

Beverly Nichols, the author of "Cry Havoc," has written a very entertaining book entitled "A Village in a Valley." This book is the story of the village of All-ways, and its more interesting inhabitants. Mr. Nichols describes real people in a real place. The descriptions are delightful and should be appreciated by those who enjoy their gardens.

In order to conclude this review in a lighter mood, I wish to call attention to "Brinkley Manor" by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. In all probability this book is better known by the English title, "Right-ho, Jeeves." Mr. Wodehouse with his remarkable faculty for knowing not only what people say, but what they would like to say, again brings the incomparable Jeeves to the foreground. Jeeves and Bertie Wooster are at their best. The excellent humor makes this book one of the outstanding Jeeves sagas.

Constance Gibbons, Sp. Com.



V. A. ACADEMIC

Back Row—M. Black, H. Botnick, A. Stinson, R. Pulkinghorn, D. McPherson, W. Ward, C. Patch, C. Stabler, J. Borland.
Middle Row—B. Maybee, G. Pammett, J. Couper, L. Henry, S. Comrie, Jean Dorris, Marion Wray, Elizabeth Scott, Louise Lundy, F. Barr, D. Wilson.
Front Row—Alta Wilson, Marjorie Thexton, Doris Borland, Lillian Hall, June Best, Marion Stacey, Helen Cameron, Margaret Lytle, Olive Rowe, Margaret Sproat, Jean Cowling, D. Welch.



V. B. ACADEMIC

Back Row—G. Hunt, R. Gillis, W. Patterson, W. Howell, J. Morrow, C. Morgan, Margaret Wylie, B. Ford, Margaret Stenson, Muriel Stenson, May Lauchlan, Elizabeth Scott, Audrey McIlmoyle, Barbara Dawson, Gladys Carvolth, Betty Thompson, Mary Walker.

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"Weathering His Last Storm"

The night was very dark and storming,
Thunder clouds were quickly forming,
And fiercely flashed the lightning by,
Lighting, as it oped, the sky.

A man stood on a deserted street,
And his appearance was far from neat,
His hair was gray and his coat was torn,
His hat was shabby and his shoes were worn.

He crouched against a building high,
In hopes that there he could keep dry,
But the wind around him screeched and blew,
And the cold rain chilled him through and through.

A half hour later, or thereabout—
How long exactly, we may doubt,
A policeman passing on his beat
Stumbled on something at his feet.

He wondered what it could possibly be,
And flashed on his light in order to see,
He started back in sudden dismay,
As a still form before him lay.

It was of an old man bent and grey,
Who had weathered his last storm that day;
But no sign of pain was on his face,
Instead shone a smile of Heavenly Grace.

And so that dark and stormy night,
Another soul had taken its flight,
That of the old man bent and grey,
Who entered the Eternal Haven that day.

Marguerite Munden, Hib Commercial.



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A Prayer

Lord, when my life's bright flame grows dim,
One thing I ask:
That I may lie upon a hill
Where breezes blow,
The fragrant cedars incense spill,
Pines murmur low.
Where skies are very near and blue,
And clouds are white,
And, like to sentinels, peep through
Thy stars, at night.

Marion O. Brown, 2B Academic.

How a Small Boy Spends His Day



LEEPING . . . Waking up and shouting at the sun . . . Playing with his cloth elephant and his string of buttons . . . Shouting at his mother and telling her to get up because her baby boy is hungry . . . Crawling around the kitchen floor and getting into the cat's dish. Getting into the lower part of the cooler and throwing the milk bottles and oranges around . . .

Taking his milk and cereal like a good boy . . . Playing in his pen in the sunshine . . . Making a bee line for the cat, treating it rough and patting it like a good boy, and stopping very quickly when the cat says something sharp to him . . . Tearing a nasturtium leaf to pieces . . . Picking up a pea and carrying it around in his fist . . . Paddling across the floor on his hands and knees, head down like a colt pulling a cart . . . Pulling on a curtain and being astonished when the curtain flies up with a snap . . . Giggling at the cat . . . Chewing on his zwieback and getting it all soggy . . .

Yanking at his father's necktie . . . Pushing his teetertot (or whatever you call the thing) getting it caught and yelling . . . Making funny noises . . . Splashing half of his bath water on the floor . . . Eating his lunch nicely . . . Rubbing his eyes. . . Taking his nap and waking up too soon.

Playing in his pen . . . And yelling when strangers come up the front steps . . . Drinking his orange juice, violently refusing his tomato juice. Chewing on a rubber ball . . . Putting his foot in his mouth (with or without shoe.)

Pulling himself up in front of the radio, turning its knobs increasing the volume till it yells at him, and getting right out of there . . . Waving his hand when you tell him not to . . . Not waving his hand when you tell him to . . . Taking his cod-liver oil like a good boy . . . Laughing at himself in the glass . . . Pulling out base plugs and trying to get them back again . . . Chewing a cord to pieces . . . Being adored by all the family . . . Trying to make his big sister laugh . . . Rubbing his eyes desperately . . . Going off to bed on his mother's shoulder . . . Yawning most engagingly . . . Sleeping . . .

How parents spend their time:

Watching the small boy.

With apologies, *L. Dominik, III I.A.*

THE ECHOES

Winter's Touch

The hills, that once were gay with flowers,
Are covered now with a blanket of snow.
The trees, that once had leafy bowers,
With snow-laden branches are bending low.

The woodland path I used to follow,
No longer hides my wandering way
But shows each step, firm, clear and hollow,
Printed in snow and there to stay.

The rabbits have put on their winter fur,
And changed it from brown to snowy white,
While over the sparkling drifts they spur
Scarcely seen in their coats so light.

The rushing stream can no longer flow,
Blithely in sight of the human eye,
But leisurely wends its way below
A winter blanket from on high.

Ruth Parnall, Form III H. A.



An Amateur Goes Skiing

HOW well I remember my first experience on skis! The night was cold and crisp. There was no wind to hamper our progress; but the consistent criss-crossing of my skis obliterated, for the present, all thoughts of being a great skier. A bark!—then a growl awoke me to the present. I saw my friends hastily making for the steep hill ahead—I tried to follow. My skis once more became entangled and I fell over in a crouch, supported in this posture by the shoe harness. I regained my balance; but, alas! the large collie was right behind. With a backward thrust of my ski-pole, I gave myself a push. Suddenly, I could see space ahead, and knew I had reached the hill. My skis seemed to float. Managing to keep my balance, I landed with a bump. Almost simultaneously and without warning, away I went soaring into the air again. The spraying snow was blinding and the tang of the crisp air seemed to choke me. Again, feeling a peculiar sensation in my "innards" I knew I was landing.

"What will be the result?" I asked myself. For worse or for better, I do not know. Later, when I woke, I heard David say:—

"Boy, Maurice, you took the ski-jump like a veteran."

"Yes, like a vegetarian," I replied and sank back to think of the pleasant time I could have had at home.

Maurice Giardino, He Industrial Arts.

THE ECHOES

The Dream Trail

I would like to sail down a dream trail,
Thronged with fancy golden ships
To where a friend would wait for me,
With roses in her hair, and laughter on her lips.
Down that magic trail of moonbeams,
Where the silent dreams fly free
To where, amid the roses
That friend would wait for me.
By my side merry shapes are thronging,
And their breath is on my cheek;
And their merry voices whisper
Thoughts of this friend for whom I seek.
For her lips are like the rosebud's,
On her cheeks their blushes blow;
And her hair is clouded shadows
Where bright tints of twilight glow.
So I'm coming down the dream trail,
Where the silver moonlight drips
To where my friend will wait for me,
With blushing roses in her hair, and laughter on her lips.



Betty Kim

Adelia Sargent, III Commercial.

Charles Dickens and His Novels

CHARLES DICKENS was born in Portsmouth, England, in the year 1812. He was unfortunate in receiving little education because his father was lodged in debtors' prison. However this detriment did not mar the quality of his books. On the contrary, it gave him a wonderful opportunity to develop his own style of prose; because had he been better educated he would have developed a style modelled after earlier authors, and this would have lessened the intriguing fascination of his novels.

Dickens wrote many of his books in an effort to bring about much-needed social reforms in England. "Oliver Twist" was written to throw a light on the woes of orphans in the parish work-houses, and to reveal the haunts of crime in London. "Nicholas Nickleby" exposes the dreadful mismanagement of Yorkshire private boarding-schools, in which the boys were mercilessly caned and treated little better than animals, by the depraved and malicious wretch, Wackford Squeers, in order to satisfy that villain's evil desire for pleasure. "The Christmas Carol" has done more than anything else in the whole world to bring happiness and pleasure into poverty-stricken homes at Christmas. "Little Dorrit" exposes the evils of imprisonment for debt.

Dickens was also endowed with a marvellous and unrivalled sense of humour; as is portrayed in "Pickwick Papers" and "Sketches by Boz."

In his unparalleled romances Charles Dickens brings tears and laughter to his readers. "Old Curiosity Shop" blends the pathetic pictures of Little Nell and her

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grandfather, with gaiety of the Marchioness and the boisterousness of Dick Swiveller, while the hideous Quilp supplies the malevolence. His masterpiece "David Copperfield" is largely a biography of the author's life, with the inimitable Mr. Micawber as Dickens' own father. "A Tale of Two Cities," a story of the French Revolution, is also the scene of one of the most heroic deeds of fidelity and self-sacrifice known to fiction. "Martin Chuzzlewit" describes Dickens' visit to America and makes a marked contrast between the cosy inns of England and the coarse rude inns of America.

Dickens always had the greatest of sympathy for those who suffered at the hands of the mean, cruel, and insincere people; and he portrayed them in such a way that no one wants to be considered as resembling creatures like Pecksniff, Uriah Heep, Bill Sikes, Scrooge, Fagin and others.

Here is one of the greatest literary tributes ever paid to the memory of the immortal author, "Charles Dickens has not only pleased us, he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable. He wakened pity in the hearts of some sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor. And every barefooted boy and girl in England and America to-day fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote."

Dickens is without exception the greatest character writer who ever lived. He was an uncanny genius in his ability to choose names for his characters, as those who read his novels have doubtless concluded.

It is more than three score years and ten since the great author passed away, but his fame is increasing steadily. Those who read and enjoy Dickens' works are an ever-increasing host in the English-speaking world.

Bill Davidson, IB Academic.

Common Things

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
Which through the windows gleams,
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

The sunlight is a glorious thing
That comes alike to all,
It lightens up the peasant's hut,
And the noble's painted hall.

A robin on a pear-tree sings,
Beside a cottage door,
But when the winter comes along,
There it will sing no more.

A brook goes babbling by the door,
With waters cool and sweet,
The village children throng the shore,
To wade with dainty feet.

Dorothy Ferguson, 2A.

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Phantasie

Here am I,
Placed in a little inland town,
To me, the smallest place on earth,
For I long to get free from gray fields and brown,
And play in the roaring surf.

Truly I know
How dearly I should love to yield
To temptation, and run away to the sea;
But in this inland town I'm sealed,
I never can play in the surf, and be free!

The seashores!
Oh! to sit at the window-sill
Of a snug, little cottage that faces the sea!
A cottage—built on the brow of a hill,
Where sea-winds blow, both strong and free!

And the surf;
I love the surf, so foamy and white;
The waves—they seem to be softly lined
With this foam, so buoyant,—so light—
And tossed about by a keen sea-wind.

But alas! alas!
These pleasures never shall be mine:
For destiny has written down
My future,—in a single line—
"Thy duty lies in an inland town."

By Margaret Goodley, Commercial Ha.



My Dog



I have a dog, his name is Jeeves;
He's always trying hard to please;
Of this occupation he never seems tired,
To any other he's never aspired.
When he is bad he raises my wrath,
But he'd do anything to get out of a bath;
It seems that he tries my anger to raise,
But he'd do anything to win some praise.
He's been with me for six long years,
And I've grown accustomed to all his flairs;
With all his faults he's still my dog,—
In my wheel of life he's become a cog.
He's big, he's fat, he eats like a horse,
I really think some day I'll have to use force;
And now that my little poem I've written,
I will say this—he has never bitten.

Allan Park.

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Cadet Inspection Day

'Tis the day of cadet inspection,
And many are gathered around
To see our cadets do manoeuvres
On our own and the Armouries' ground.
"March past"! cries our valiant young Major,
And march past we do with a will;
Then, a voice from the throng of spectators,
"They're all out of step but my Bill!"
Here comes our wonderful bugle band,
With its bass drum which goes "Boom! Boom!"
Its side-drums all a-rattle,
And its bugles—never in tune.
Who signals from yonder Memorial?
And who from the church steps replies?
'Tis our Signalling Corps of stout fellows
Who are trying to win the cheque prize.
What's this! A woman has fainted!
(For the day is both humid and warm.)
The Ambulance Corps to the rescue!
They'll revive her as if by a charm.
Thus passes our school's cadet field-day,
Till a year brings it round once again;
And here's to our skilful instructors,
Our school, officers, and our men.

Hugh Davidson.

The Growing of Tea

PICTURE yourself gazing upon the Tea gardens in the Himalayas. As you look upon the terraces, you see coolies gathering the tea leaves. Let us go closer to inquire of the coolie how the Tea is cultivated and manufactured.

The thick forests on the sides of the mountains are cleared, the terraces erected and the drainage system put in. Now they are ready to plant the young tea plants or the tea seeds. Within three or four years the young plants can be lightly plucked. Great care has to be taken for several years. The greatest age a tea plant can be, and yet give good tea, is not known, but there are plants sixty years of age in the mountains.

Plucking is perhaps the most important part of the business and it requires very careful teaching on the part of the owner. If the tea has to be of very good quality, only the bud and the top two leaves of each shoot are picked, though sometimes five leaves down from the shoot are taken. The coolies become expert at the job and can fill the basket, which is hung by ropes to their forehead, very quickly. When the basket is full it is taken to the factory.

Here the tea is weighed and sent on to the top floor of the building where it goes through the first process. The leaves are spread out on wire trays and allowed

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to dry. This is called withering. After it has assumed a certain degree of softness and flaccidity it is sent to the rolling machine. In this machine the cells are broken up, inducing fermentation. The leaves are then spread out on a wooden framework and are then allowed to ferment until they turn a light brown. The fermented leaves are then fired. Placed on wire trays, they are pushed into a heater of two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This makes them dry and brittle. The Tea is now manufactured and all that remains is the sifting and final firing. The leaves are put through different sizes of sieves which are worked with an oscillating movement. The finer the pieces the better the quality of the Tea.

The tea is packed in lead or aluminum lined chests. As the tea falls from a sheet into the boxes the boxes are oscillated. This makes the tea settle and allows the box to be filled to its utmost capacity. After the top sheet of lead is soldered on, the lid nailed over the top and the name stamped on the side, the tea is ready for its world-wide market.

Rae Borland, Form Ia, Industrial Arts

An Exile's Prayer

Written, on the occasion of the expulsion of many Saarlanders, to R. Jackson's music of the hymn, "Breathe On Me, Breath of God."

I do not own my will,
For God has all my heart;
Tho' from uncivil land I flee
From Him I shall never part.

Altho' I leave this land,
Ne'er to return again,
May God guide all my steps to Him
As now I guide my pen.

And may those left behind
Seek Him, in trouble, too:
They will know "Friendship" in their Lord
And always find Him true!

'Tis all I ask, Dear Lord,
Keep me from sin and shame,
Keep my soul clean, and let me be
A Christian in Your Name.

Christians, alike, I pray,
When exiled, turn to light—
To God, whose tender love and care
Shall brighten your darkest night.

"Amen."

Edna Borland, IIA Academic.

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The Farmer's Daughter

Week after week, some able pen,
Writes poetry and prose
On farming, and on farming men,
And everything that grows.

What they have penned, I don't condemn,
But one thing strikes my view,
They all o'erlook one precious gem,
The Farmer's Daughter, that is you.

Don't fret in summer, though your face
Shows the sun's freckling taint,
'Tis lovelier than the one they trace
With powder, brush, or with paint.

Don't make your days a sum of strife
At being so humbly born;
A cheerful and a virtuous life
Will any rank adorn.

Just keep your rank, but watch your chance
Some young men's heart to slaughter.
Then thank my pen that dared advance
To praise the Farmer's Daughter.

R. E. Darling, Form III H. A.

The Deserted House

Silent and stately it stands,
On a hill with a lake below,
A beautiful home, deserted,
That was loved in the long ago.

Loved by its inmates, dearly,
Who no longer dwell in its halls,
All is silent and lonely,
Not a picture hangs on its walls.

Its windows are broken and shattered,
Its rooms are empty and gray,
The loved ones, who dwelt there, are scattered,
Or in peace are resting away.

So vast is the stillness around it,
That the passer-by stops to gaze
And think of all the treasures,
It held in by-gone days.

Myrtle Joyes, Form III H. A.

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Wind Sprite

I love to frolic with my friend, the wind sprite,
In Spring, when all the land is green and fair;
She lures me to a hilltop where I feel
Her long cool fingers running through my hair.

She wears a wisp of dainty green in summer,
Her breath is warm and sweet, her songs are gay;
She trips along beside me in my garden,
And softly croons to me at close of day.

The wine of autumn courses through her veins,
She laughs and shouts and skips in joyous play;
I see her toss the dry curled leaves about me;
Or whisk the seedlings of some plant away.

When winter comes her gown is white and splendid,
With frosted sparkling jewels, a regal train!
I lose my friend,—instead, outside I hear
A wild, white witch rattling my window pane.

Olga Westbye, 2B Academic.



Lord Robert Baden-Powell

LORD ROBERT BADEN-POWELL is a modern "Piper" with a youthful following of over two millions of scouts; the largest boys' movement in the world. Truly such a man is worthy of notice.

His parents were comfortable in worldly goods until his father, the Rev. Professor Baden-Powell, died, leaving the large family to the care of his wife.

Baden-Powell entered the British Army at nineteen years of age, passing his examination with high honours: second place for cavalry and fourth for infantry. He has seen active service in many countries. He will always be remembered as the hero of Mafeking in the South African War—a siege of seven months against far superior forces. He was greeted with wild acclaim everywhere and promoted Major-General by Queen Victoria in 1900. After fifty-five years of service he resigned to start a new life as a moulder of boys' lives. Millions of boys of every creed and race thank him for his splendid movement.

Throughout his career he had gained a knowledge of men and boys which was useful in the scout program. At Brown Sea Island, Dorset, in 1907, he conducted an experimental boys' camp. Here the boys were set to work under the scout law and patrol system; later his observations were recorded in that world-famous book, "Scouting for Boys." This was published in 1908 and troops were formed with surprising rapidity in England.

Baden-Powell was knighted by King Edward in 1909 for his previous services to the Empire and more especially for founding the Boy Scouts' Association. King Edward approved of the suggestion of the King's Scout badge for those who have passed high qualifications.

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Sir Robert married Miss Olave Soames in 1912 and they have worked together fostering the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements. Sea Scouts, Rover Scouts for older boys, and Wolf Cubs for the boys eight to twelve have been established since that time. Lady Baden-Powell is the popular Chief Guide of the world, while her famous husband was proclaimed Chief Scout of the world at the International Jamboree in 1923.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell is a man capable of inspiring leadership; he is the author of many books on Scouting, an artist and sculptor of note, a big game hunter, and a lover of out-door life. His services to mankind have been recognized by many governments and he was created first Baron of Gilwell on the King's Christmas Honour Roll in 1930.

E. H. Peters, 2a Academic.



Winter

Oh its good to be young in the winter time,
When the wind blows keen and the trees are bare,
While the Old Earth sleeps in its coat of rime,
And you're fresh and fit and you haven't a care.

When the snow drifts deep and is quick to bind,
Draping the world in a maze of white,
There's the rollicking fun that you'll always find
In the give and take of a snowball fight.

Or perhaps tobogganing suits your game,
And away you go to the near-by hills.
There's plenty of sport that's far from tame
In a coasting run with its countless thrills.

When the weather breaks, and the frost gives way,
You'll still find plenty of things to do;
Your favorite games once more hold sway,
Rugby, soccer and baseball, too.

Bob Halladay, Form III I.A.



SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

Back Row: Left to Right—Jack Archibald, Jack Campbell, Jack Miller, Ormond Benson, Harry Marsh, Clarence Barnes, Max Henry, Bill McFadden, Camille Hurtubise.

Middle Row: Left to Right—Carlos Palmer, Hannah Botnick, Marion Whaley, Jean Whiteside, Ruth Hunter, Dorothy Weese, Constance Gibbons, Dorothy Allen, Mary Thomas, Kathleen Lacey, Corine Killoran, Cyril O'Donnell.

Front Row: Left to Right—Richard Eason, Francis Allen, Elva Throop, Aileen Sisson, Helen Connelly, Gwen Boorman, Helen O'Grady, J. White, J. Harris, A. Rutherford, P. Huot, A. Schiarizza, J. Borl and, G. Duncan. Absent: H. Gainey.



THE election of officers for the school year 1934-35 was held in the early part of October. There was some discussion as to the names of the parties, but the two names, the "Cowboys" and the "Indians," were finally selected. The "Cowboys" wished the election of Jean Cowling for President, Gordon Johnston for Secretary, Reta Darling for Vice-President, and Harry Gainey for Treasurer. The "Indians" supported Harold Botnick for President, Elmer Pearse for Vice-President, Hilda Thompson for Secretary and Irene Houghton for Treasurer. After a week of eloquent and witty speeches, the pupils of the school were given a chance to vote for their school officers for 1934-35. The result was as follows:

President—Harold Botnick.
Vice-President—Elmer Pearse.
Secretary—Gordon Johnston.
Treasurer—Harry Gainey.

It was decided to have two Literary Society meetings put on by the two senior forms before Christmas with as many meetings as possible after Christmas and preferably by the senior forms of the school.

One Friday, November 9, the first meeting of the Literary Society was presented by forms VA, and VB Academic. The program was under the leadership of Mr. Zavitz and Mr. C. S. Browne. It was of a decidedly dramatic nature and on the whole proved interesting. The entertainment consisted of three short scenes from Charles Dickens' David Copperfield and three scenes from Shakespeare's Henry IV. The scenes from David Copperfield were dramatized by Miss Jean Howson. Both performances were marked by some fine acting and were the result of hard work on the part of the pupils of these two forms.

The second meeting of the Literary Society was held on the evening of Friday, November 28, and was in connection with the School Party. Forms IVA and IVB were responsible for the very varied and interesting programme which was led by Miss Faint and Miss Brisbin. George Hall delivered a very fine speech on "Conditions and their Outcome in the Saar Valley." The girls of the two forms presented a dainty pirate dance. Gladys Watson of IVB gave a very interesting reading. A skit, which was written and directed by Bill Wheeler of IVA and presented by pupils of both forms, depicted the conditions under which Caesar had Cicero reinstated at Rome.

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Forms IIIA, IIID, Academic and III Commercial presented the third meeting of the Literary Society on Wednesday, January 16. Miss McIntosh and Mr. Shearer sponsored the programme which proved to be very humorous and entertaining. The meeting opened with a beautiful piano solo by Miss Louise Spriggs of IIIA Academic. The second number was a very humorous interpretation of the arrival of the Dionne Quintuplets, well acted by pupils of IIIRD Commercial. Then as Cowper's "John Gilpin" was read by Hugh Davidson, the members of IIIA and IIID Academic went through the actions of the poem in a very entertaining manner. The next number, a tap-dance, was done exceedingly well by Irna Beatty and Kay Thackeray of IIIRD Commercial. This was followed by a guitar solo and the programme was ended by a song by the pupils of Commercial.

Forms IIIC Academic and Special Commercial were responsible for a very excellent meeting on Friday, January 25th. The programme was sponsored by Mr. Legon and Mr. Toole. The IIIC part of the entertainment took the form of a radio broadcast from station "C.H.E.W.," which was well thought out by Margery Nesbitt. Leonard Martin, robust announcer for the "Spark LeClaire Chewing Gum Company," announced the programme. Mr. LeClaire gave his little speech in a very formal manner and declared the programme open to the air. The first number was a singing interpretation of several modern songs by a IIIRD form trio. Carona Hanbidge gave a well-delivered reading. Jack Hughes did his duty by giving a choice piano selection. The last number of the radio broadcast was a dramatized song—"No! No! a Thousand Times No!" in which the hero, heroine and villain were well portrayed by IIIC pupils. Special Commercial's half of the programme began with a piano selection. This was followed by a masterly conception of a former P.C. & V.S. student, who had received training in the Commercial Department, out-stripping her rivals in obtaining a stenographer's position. This was well done by talented Special Commercial artists and was sensible and at the same time humorous.

Forms IIIB Academic, IIIRD Industrial Arts, and IIIRD Household Arts made the first meeting of the year a decided success. The programme was under the leadership of Miss Gerrard, Mr. Morris and Mr. Corneil. The first number on the programme was a fine violin solo by Noel Barr of IIIB. This was followed by a head-dress parade, put on by the members of IIIRD Household Arts and under guidance of Miss Gerrard, which depicted the change in head-dress fashions from ancient to modern times. The next number was a cornet solo by May Birchard. Then came a short play "Trial for the Murder of the King's English," presented by pupils of IIIB Academic. The play had been chosen by a committee headed by Margaret Stanton and in co-operation with the teacher, Mr. Morris. Helen Hetherness of IIIRD Household Arts gave a beautiful vocal solo which was followed by a clever tap-dance by Sophia Yeotes. The last number was a cowboy scene put on by Mr. Corneil's gang from IIIRD Industrial Arts. They gave several vocal and string selections around a blazing camp-fire.

The sixth Literary meeting of the year was in the hands of forms IIA, IIB, IIC Academic. The programme was sponsored by Miss Moore, Mr. D. Brown and Mr. Richardson, and, on the whole, proved very entertaining. The first number on the programme was a chorus of boys from the three forms who sang several modern songs. Leone Comstock provided the entertainment for the second number by giving a beautiful toe-dance. Then came the "Travelling Salesmen," an instrumental

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quartette, who interpreted several modern and old-time songs in a very comical manner. The girls of form IIC came next with a chorus of old-time songs which proved very interesting. The play, "The Lost Prince," (in two scenes), was performed in true Chinese style and was well acted by the members of the three forms. William Moorhead gave a very fine violin solo. The last number on the programme was a group of Native dances and was done in a very dainty manner.

Commencement

THE Annual Commencement Exercises of the Peterborough Collegiate Institute and Vocational School took place in the school auditorium on Friday afternoon, December seventh. Mr. E. F. Reid acted as chairman.

The school orchestra, directed by Mr. A. J. Weames, contributed to the programme several selections which were greatly appreciated. A cornet solo by David Wilson, a piano solo by Bob Maybee, and violin solos by Mack McKone and Robert Borland added much to the programme also.

The graduation diplomas were presented to the graduating classes of the Household Arts, Industrial Arts, Commercial and Academic departments of the school by Mr. Kenner, Miss Moir, a former member of the staff, and members of the staff.

Following this, Dr. A. T. Barr gave an inspiring address to the graduating classes. He urged them to be diligent, thorough, and honourable in their endeavours.

The Nicholls and W. G. Morrow scholarships were presented to the successful students, by Mr. V. J. McElderry and Dr. J. A. Bannister respectively.

A splendid valedictory address was prepared and read by Gordon Kirkwood.

After a great deal of exciting suspense, Mr. Kenner announced the name of the winner of the Princess Alumna, Gladys Carvolth, who received Mrs. R. F. Downey's prize and the Princess Alumnus, Jack Couper, who was the recipient of the principal's prize.

The presentation of Miss Faint's French Prose prizes was made by Mr. Kenner, and Miss Thompson presented the Writing Prize.

The Exercises concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

Afternoon tea was served immediately afterward, to the parents and teachers by members of the graduating classes. In the evening an enjoyable dance was held in the school gymnasium.

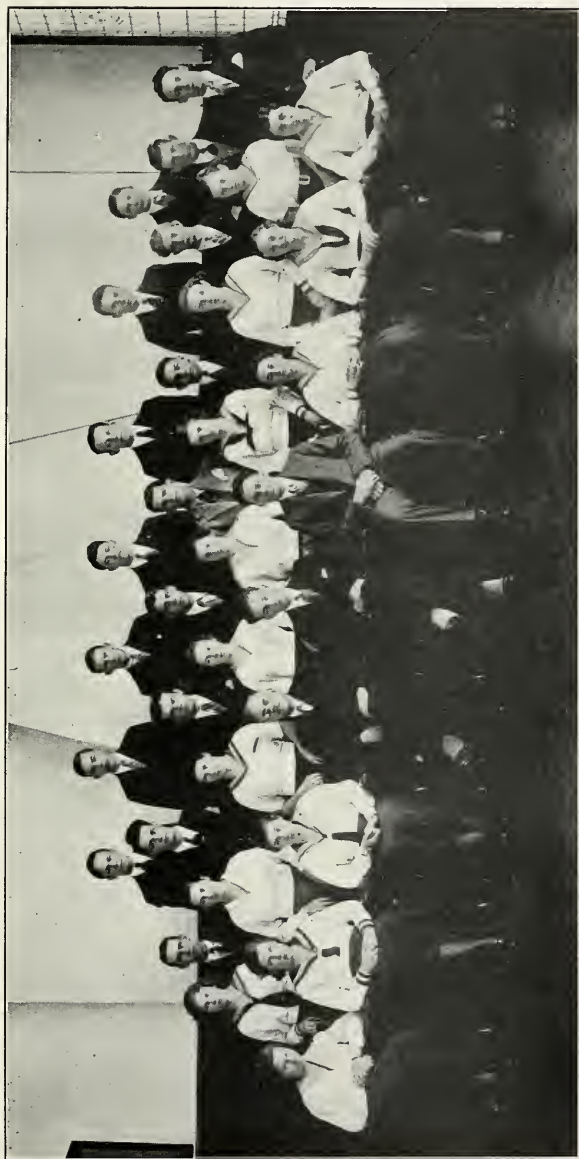
The School Concert

OUR school concert was very successful this year and a large audience received each number on the programme with enthusiasm.

The feature of the evening was a one-act play entitled "The Loan of a Lover."

THE CAST:

Delve	Gordon Johnston
Swyzel	George Hall
Peter Spyk	William Ford
Gertrude	Lillian Hall
Ernestine Rosendaal	Marion Salmonsen
Captain Amersfort	Walter Howell



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—F. Barr, B. Scott, B. Grady, B. Davidson, G. Hall, J. Wood, M. LeGros,
Third Row—C. Collins, H. Marsh, L. Martin, G. Duncan, H. Gaine, G. Johnston, E. Pearce, J. Trotter, F. Patterson,
Second Row—June Armstrong, Jean King, Joyce Wills, Rita Sproule, Muriel Byers, Mary Richardson, Olga Westbye, Ruth
Front Row—Elma Moffatt, Dorothy Pearson, Hilda Thompson, Mr. L. J. Pettit, H. Botnick, Mr. Davis, Gladys Carvolth, Margaret
 Stanton, Betty Thompson.

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The scene is the garden of a villa on a canal in Holland, and the play opens with a consultation between Swyzel, the sour old steward of the place, and Peter Spyk, a local farmer, concerning the purchase of some land.

Soon Gertrude, the charming little servant girl, appears, gay in her pretty Dutch costume, bemoaning the fact that she has no sweethearts because she is poor. Peter, to whom she lost her heart, is quite blind to her, and tactlessly seeks her advice in choosing a wife for himself from among the neighbouring girls.

When Mlle. Ernestine, a visitor to the villa, arrives with her gallant suitor, Capt. Amersfort, she finds Gertrude in tears, and gaily offers to lend Capt. Amersfort, with whom she has become a little bored, to Gertrude for "her very own beau." This delights Gertrude and she finds that she is soon besieged by suitors. Delve, the gardener suddenly becomes aware of her charms. Even the affection of Swyzel who has scolded her all her life, takes a sudden turn, and although old enough to be her grandfather, he actually proposes to her.

All this opens the eyes of pipe-smoking Peter who suddenly realizes that he loves Gertrude and so the final scene finds Mlle. Ernestine and Capt. Amersfort reunited, and Peter and Gertrude ready for their wedding.

This play was ably directed by Mr. E. Legon and Miss Montgomery. The scenery, designed by Miss Montgomery, added greatly to the interest; both cast and directors are to be complimented on the fine performance which was given.

The remainder of the programme enlisted the services of many of the pupils. Harold Botnick, President of the Students' Council, acted as chairman. The orchestra, directed by Mr. Weames, added a great deal of pleasure to the programme. Clifford Cruickshank's vocal solo was heartily appreciated as was the dainty dance "Water Sprites" by girls of the commercial department directed by Miss Bailey. A tap dance by Irma Beatty and Kay Thackeray was followed by a charming little play, "The Three Bears," dramatized in French by Miss M. Hicks, and very well enacted by four pupils of the first forms: Mary Robson, James Lillico and Robert Sharp, as the three bears, and Joyce Powers as Goldilocks. David Wilson in a cornet solo assisted by five other members of the orchestra gave a very fine performance.

A brilliant piano solo and a male quartet ended a most enjoyable programme.



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Valedictory Address, 1934

MR. CHAIRMAN, guests, members of the staff and pupils of the Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School:

It is my part this afternoon to convey to the members of the student body of this school the impressions, the feelings and the convictions which we, the class of 1934, carry away with us after our sojourn at the Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School. It has been a sojourn of inestimable value, for it has played a great part in the development of our lives. What we have experienced here has directed us into various channels of development, intellectual and physical. Here we have been guided through what is undoubtedly one of the most important periods of our lives.

In my opinion, I can do nothing more constructive than remind you of, and emphasize to you, this solemn duty of yours—the maintenance, yes and the furtherance of school spirit. Let me try to clarify my conception of school spirit. According to Herodotus, the Greeks had a word for it—"To Hellenikon," which means simply a realization of the Hellenic unity of blood, language and religion, custom and interest. Surely the students of P.C.V.S. are encompassed by a closer bond of union than any mere racial spirit could form. You are fellow-members of a great and vital institution, which needs your help, just as you need its help. At the risk of being scored as sententious, I repeat that, not only should the school exist for your benefit, but you, yourself, should be equally prepared to help the school. Only by realization and by practice of this duty can you truthfully claim to be carrying out your part as a loyal and devoted member of the school. School spirit, in its broad sense, entails enthusiastic support of school activities and also a determination to conduct one's self so as never to sully the illustrious records of P.C.V.S., but rather to add to the enviable reputation of the school.

Be broad in your sphere of interest and activity. Bear in mind the time-worn but weighty precept that one should, at no time, allow his work to interfere with his education. Only by devoting some of your time to activities of school life, apart from studies, can you acquire the full value of what this school has to offer you. In connection with athletic undertakings, I have noticed with pride that P.C.V.S. was, as usual, one of the strongest contenders in rugby, this fall, in a group which is certainly one of the strongest interscholastic leagues in the province. I am sure that, in every branch of sport, representatives of P.C.V.S. are this year distinguishing themselves, not only as very proficient performers, but, and this is far more important, as sportsmen and sportswomen of the highest type. I hear on all sides reports that the Literary Society Executive is functioning in a manner highly commendable, to say the least. It is the duty of every member of the school to co-operate willingly with this important institution in any way he can. I could devote much time to lauding further the various activities of the school such as these, but it is not my intention to indulge in an excess of inconsequential panegyrics. Therefore, I pass on.

It is an easy matter to convince most of you, I think, of the necessity for a school spirit and interest in athletic, social and literary functions, but it is a very difficult task to make any very deep impression in regard to the vital necessity of taking studies in earnest. I learn that a great many pupils of P.C.V.S. are attending

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classes solely because it is the conventional thing to do, and not from any active desire to seek after knowledge. Perhaps these words from Francis Bacon's famous essay entitled, "Of Studies," hit the mark. He said, "... Natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study." While on the subject of studies, it is impossible to refrain from mentioning this privilege which the students of P.C.V.S. enjoy—that of a highly efficient and sympathetic teaching staff, headed by a principal of unusual merit.

There is the point of taking advantage of to-day while it is here. "Carpe diem," Horace advised. It is a well known fact that learning is much more easily acquired in youth than at a more advanced age. One verse of Longfellow's poem, "The Builders," expresses my thought excellently. Thus it reads:

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place."

On behalf of those who have so recently left the school, I wish to convey to you, the present members, our sincere desire and hope that you will carry on the glory and the reputation of P.C.V.S. We realize what a task and an honour it is to do this, and it is our hope that you will realize and accept your responsibility. To those of you who are falling short in this respect may my remarks serve as an exhortation, to those who are loyally doing their part, as an appreciation.

Gordon Kirkwood.



NICHOLLS SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Standing—R. Dick, L. Henry, C. Patch, H. Rogers, P. Demos.

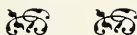
Sitting—Wilda Saunders, Doris Borland, Ruth Hunter, Norma Hughes, Marjorie Nesbitt.

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INDUSTRIAL SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

F. Willison G. Perks O. Sloane D. Hall E. Pearse



HOUSEHOLD ARTS SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Ruth Parnall Bernice Niblett Barbara Pearson Jean Weir Irene Battle
Absent—Helen Routly



THE ORCHESTRA

Back Row—B. Graham, C. Morrow, M. McKee, D. Wilson, J. Kitney.
Middle Row—B. Huffman, T. Everett, J. MacMillan, A. Fontaine, E. Fowler, J. Morrow, J. McKone, Mr. A. J. Weames.
Front Row—F. Barr, W. Barr, B. Moorhead, May Birchard, Edna Borland, Grace Marshall, Ruth Fisher, Kathleen Thackeray, R. Huggins, W. Howell.



The School Orchestra

THIS year an early start was made by the orchestra with a fine turnout of both old and new members. Mr. Weames, our conductor, has obtained a most excellent supply of new music, due to the financial assistance rendered by the Students' Council. As well as playing at all the school functions, the school orchestra has assumed the duty of playing twice weekly at the morning assemblies.

And now we give you some data on the personnel of our orchestra. There has been fairly regular attendance at the practices, but occasionally one or two are not there. It has been noticed also that whenever our cornet player, Dave Wilson, is absent, the clarinet player, John Kitney, who is a great friend of Dave's, is generally away too. But it was learnt for a fact recently why they need each other so much. Dave went to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted and our brave hero, John, went along to hold his hand. Ye Editor of this magazine displays no mean ability on a 'cello in our fair orchestra. Ted Everitts is a new attraction in the orchestra. He plays a trombone. We are glad to welcome Bill Moorhead, who played in the Collegiate School Orchestra in Sault Ste. Marie.

We take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Weames our sincere thanks and appreciation for the many willing hours he has spent in our interests. Also we would like to mention the names of the following ex-members who have assisted us on several occasions: Stanley Northrop A.T.C.M., Annabelle Herd, violins; Jack Telford, piano; Paul Minicola, saxophone; Harold Wilson, cornet.

We trust the orchestra has contributed to the success of the functions it has attended throughout the school year. We also hope it will continue to maintain in future years, the prestige it has acquired in the days gone by.

First Violins—Russell Huggins, Bob Huffman, Bill Moorhead, Kathleen Thackeray, Ruth Fisher, Jack McKone, Jimmy Morrow.

Second Violins—Noel Barr, E. Borland, J. McMillan, Jimmy Lillico, Alex Carlisle, A. Fontaine, E. Fowler.

Cornets—Dave Wilson, Cliff Morrow, M. Birchard.

Clarinets—John Kitney, Bob Graham, Horace Steer.

Cello—Ferguson Barr.

Trombone—Ted Everitts.

Flute—Mel. McKee.

Drums—Walter Howell.

Piano—Grace Marshall, Merrill Smith.

Conductor—Mr. A. J. Weames, B.Sc.



ON October 3, the Camera Club for 1934 and 1935 was organized with about thirty-five prospective members present. The following officers were elected: Honorary President: Mr. Henry; President: Bill Scott; Vice-President: Grant Smedmor; Secretary: Kathleen Lacey; Treasurer: Jack Borland.

A committee composed of Iris Borland, Gordon Pammett, Bill Turner and Horace Steer, was also chosen.

Although in other years the Camera Club had professional photographers as its guest speakers, due to the Christmas rush it was thought better to leave these for the meetings in the new year. As a result, all the meetings were conducted by members of the club.

Seven meetings were held before Christmas. Among the first meetings were those dealing with the fundamental topics, which are printing and developing. Others included Diaphragm Stops and Margins and Borders. This year the Camera Club has had several meetings which were of great interest to the senior as well as the junior members. Among the first of these was a talk and demonstration to show how to use the Recomar Camera which the club purchased last year to take the Echoes pictures. This Camera is also lent out to the more experienced members, and can be used for copying pictures and making Christmas Cards. The most interesting meeting of the year was divided into two sections. One of the senior members gave a demonstration on Dry-mounting and another demonstrated how silhouettes are taken. The first meeting of the new year was devoted to a talk and demonstration on enlarging.

This year the Camera Club purchased a smaller box camera, which is quite simple to operate and takes sixteen pictures on one roll instead of the usual eight. This camera also is loaned out to the members and has proven very popular. A clock which has long been needed in the dark room has also been purchased.

The first contest of the year was held in the hall. A prize was offered for the best picture of the school and was won by Grant Smedmor. This picture was used on the school Christmas Card.

As in other years, Mr. Bond, who is one of the Camera Club's best friends, has kindly offered his prize for the annual contest which closes in March and is now well under way. The prize, a Parker pen and pencil set, is won by the person gaining the highest number of points on the pictures he or she enters.

Another important function of the Camera Club during the past three years has been the taking of all the pictures for the "Echoes." This year Mr. Henry, Grant Smedmor, Bill Scott and Jack Borland have given unsparingly of their time to make the pictures a success.

The club wishes to extend its appreciation to Mr. Henry and all the others who have been instrumental in making all the meetings so successful and interesting.



FROM FAR AND NEAR

Katchawanooka Lake
Island of Ailsa Craig at Mouth of Clyde
Near Apsley
Eel's Creek, Stoney Lake
Melrose Abbey, Scotland

Katchawanooka Lake
Lake Simcoe
Bridge of Sighs, Cambridge

Below Lift Lock
Scarborough Bluffs
Katchawanooka Lake
Stoney Lake
Melrose Abbey, Scotland



THE year 1934 was a successful one in the history of our cadet corps. Upholding the P.C.I. tradition, the cadets put on an excellent display for the inspecting officer, Captain Mann.

Credit for the fine exhibition should be given to Mr. Craig, the instructor. Early in the year he called for volunteers for the officers' training course and as a result, he was able to turn out highly trained officers for the corps.

Inspection day soon arrived and three hundred and ninety-seven cadets were on the grounds in front of the school, ready to go through their drill. Ceremonial and platoon drills were smoothly carried out. Then a group of cadets gave a fine exhibition of tumbling. The bugle band, headed by E. Westbye, led the corps, and as in other years, rendered yeoman service for the occasion.

After the inspection was completed the inspecting officer addressed the cadets, and complimented them for their fine exhibition. This year the I.O.D.E. shield was awarded to Number One Platoon, commanded by H. Botnick. The cadets then marched down-town, and on their return were treated to ice-cream and cake in the school gymnasium. A dance was held in the gymnasium that night, this concluding the activities of the day.

The signallers under the command of G. Wooll, put on an excellent demonstration. Later on, they were examined by the district inspector. There were two courses in signalling this year, Morse and Semaphore. Those who took instruction in the Morse and passed, received the government bonus of five dollars. Those who were successful in Semaphore received two dollars.

The ambulance corps also took an active part in the inspection under the command of H. Davidson. Many of the cadets qualified for their junior certificates.

In preparation for 1935, an officers' training course has been started. The signallers' corps and rifle team have also been formed.





Rugby Banquets

THE first event of the social year of the school took place when Belleville rugby team visited Peterborough. After the game a banquet was served for the players, the girls of the school serving. The banquet was made a real entertainment by the players themselves who, as usual, were quite at home when the food was served. Later in the evening a dance was held in the school gym, to which all members of the school were invited. Music supplied by George Broadley, at the piano, was greatly enjoyed and the dancers had a delightful evening.

Two weeks later another dance took place when Lindsay Collegiate Institute senior rugby team visited Peterborough and played a game with the P.C.V.S. squad. Again a banquet was prepared for the players and served by the girls of the upper school. After the meal another dance was held for the pupils with "Music by Broadley."

The season closed with a banquet and dance for the Oshawa players in Peterborough, fighting their last game in this thriving centre.

The three banquets and dances were arranged by the social committee which consists of: Mr. Rutherford (chairman), Miss Lees, Miss MacIntosh, Mr. Graham, Mr. Pettit, Pearl Huot, Jean Cowling, Irene Battle, Lloyd Rutherford, Leonard Phillips, and Douglas Gledhill.

L. P.

The P.C.V.S. Party

THE evening of November the twenty-third will long be remembered by the students of P.C.V.S. as it was the occasion of the first school party staged by the Literary Society.

Promptly at seven-thirty, students gathered from all parts of the city to participate in the evening's fun.

The auditorium was the scene of the first part of the programme, with our worthy president, Harold Botnick, as master of ceremonies.

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Julius Caesar made his appearance on the stage of P.C.V.S. in the form of a play presented by fourth form students, much to the amusement of the audience.

Jimmy McClenaghan, assisted at the piano by Russel Rowan, led the audience in the community singing of such songs as "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "Sidewalks of New York" and "Little Tommy Tinker" which were accompanied by many gymnastic features.

The fifth form "Professor," Lloyd Rutherford, delighted the contestants with a music contest based on the travels of "Three Little Pigs" which featured the popular songs of the day played by Olive Rowe. The prize for this contest was won by Aileen Sisson.

The school orchestra performed in their usual brilliant manner and their selection was very much appreciated.

After the announcements from the stage, the jubilant students participated in a Grand March which conducted them to the gymnasium. Here the student body was divided into groups—some directed to the classrooms and others to the gymnasium. These groups were under the leadership of G. Gunsolus, J. Couper, J. Miller, P. Amys, J. Archibald, J. Trotter, E. Pearce, D. Hunter and S. Patte chosen from the senior boys.

In the classrooms several games which included Bingo, Ring Game and Potato Relay were played. In the gymnasium Dodge Ball, Musical Plates and All Day Sucker Relay were outstanding features.

Ten minutes was allowed for each game, then the ringing of the bell announced the time to change classrooms.

The prizes, which were awarded for each contest or game, took the form of an All Day Sucker.

Dancing in the gymnasium until eleven-fifteen p.m. brought to a close the first school party, greatly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The "At Home"

THE social event of the year was the Annual Christmas dance held in the school gymnasium. Some five hundred students, and ex-students assembled to enjoy the excellent music provided by Ferde Mowry and his orchestra.

The big "gym" was decorated in a modernistic arrangement of the school colours, garnet and grey. Festoons and streamers from the softened lights to the gallery made the gymnasium look like a fairy palace. At the extreme end rose the orchestra stand placed against a background of black and silver. Directly behind it, on a black background stood a modernistic tree, flanked by two huge red candles, and from either side of that stretched long black panels on which sailed majestically along over blue waves, two red ships with silver sails emblazoned with the double insignia of the school, P.C.I. and P.V.S. Silver fish danced merrily out of the water. Above, blue and silver clouds glided along. Two large baskets were filled with artificial snowballs and icicles which caught the light as they floated from the balcony. Sweet music and soft light lent an air of enchantment to the whole.

Supper was served about midnight in the Upper hall, the catering being capably handled by Hooper's, whose dainty refreshments were indeed welcomed.

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All too soon the strains of the Home Waltz broke upon us and we realized the Christmas dance was over for another year. Friends, old and new, bid one another adieu. We hope to see them all again next year.

Much of the success of the dance was due to the President, Mr. Harold Botnick and his very capable committee. The decorations were in charge of Miss Mayme Montgomery, assisted by a most energetic group of students whose untiring efforts helped to make the evening the unqualified success it was.

We wish to thank the Patrons and Patronesses,

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. H. Kenner,

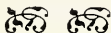
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Johnston,

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Browne,

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Pettit,

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Davies,

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rutherford.



CADET OFFICERS

Back Row—C. Davern, B. King, H. White, J. Kennedy, J. McMillan, E. Ward.

Middle Row—N. Allan, J. Craig, D. Cruthers, R. Ross, Curtis, P. Demos, E. R. Yelland

Front Row—W. Howell, H. Davidson, G. Young, H. Marsh, J. Woods, Mr. H. A. Craig, H. Botnick, B. Ford, W. Perry.

Our Exchange



THIS year we began something new by opening up the Echoes office as a library for Exchange magazines. Thus every student had an opportunity of reading the year books from various schools throughout Canada.

Every annual has its good features, and by a study of the exchange magazines our staff of editors find many ways of improving our own book.

Listed below are the schools with which we have exchanged books. Their publications have been read with great pleasure, and we trust they will continue to exchange magazines with us.

Comments will be made by letter.

- "The Acta Nostra"—Guelph Collegiate and Vocational School.
- "The Alibi"—Albert College, Belleville.
- "The Annual"—Burnaby South High School, Burnaby, B.C.
- "The Argosy"—Central High School of Commerce, Hamilton.
- "The Auditorium"—Owen Sound Collegiate and Vocational School.
- "The Blue and White"—Walkerville Collegiate Institute.
- "The Bugle"—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary.
- "The Carillon"—Ottawa Technical School.
- "The Collegian"—St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.
- "The Eastern Echo"—Eastern High School of Commerce.
- "The Elevator"—Belleville Collegiate Institute.
- "The Grumbler"—Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate Institute and V.S., Kitchener.
- "The Harbord Review"—Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
- "The Hermes"—Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.
- "The Kelvin Year Book"—Kelvin School, Winnipeg.
- "The Lampadian"—Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.
- "The Lantern"—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London.
- "The L. C. C. I. Review"—London Central Collegiate Institute, London.
- "The Lux Glebana"—Glebe High School, Ottawa.
- "The Magnet"—Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
- "The Nexus"—Pembroke Collegiate Institute.
- "The Northland Echo"—North Bay Collegiate Institute.
- "The Northern Star"—St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay.
- "The Norvoc"—Northern Vocational School, Toronto.
- "The Oakwood Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

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- "The Oracle"—Fort William Collegiate and Technical School.
- "The Oracle"—London South Collegiate Institute.
- "The Pegasus"—Brantford Collegiate Institute.
- "The Peptimist"—Mimico High School.
- "The Porcupine"—Timmins High School.
- "The Scarboro Bluff"—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
- "The Screech Owl"—Bowmanville High School.
- "The Static"—Chapleau High School, Chapleau.
- "The Student"—Welland High and Vocational School.
- "The Tatler"—Lindsay Collegiate Institute.
- "The Tattler"—Tilsonburg High School.
- "The Tel-U-All"—Waterford High School.
- "The Tech Sparks"—Hamilton Technical School.
- "The Tech Tatler"—Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
- "The Times"—Kingston Collegiate.
- "The Torch"—Napanee Collegiate and Vocational Institute.
- "The Torpedo"—Central High School of Commerce, Toronto.
- "The Twig"—University of Toronto School, Toronto.
- "The Tower Topics"—Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, Windsor.
- "The Vox Collegii"—Barrie Collegiate Institute.
- "The Vox Lycei"—Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.
- "The Vox Lycei"—Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
- "The Vox Studentium"—Port Arthur Collegiate Institute.
- "The Voyageur"—Pickering College, Newmarket.
- "The Vulcan"—Central Technical School, Toronto.
- "The Westward Ho"—Western Technical School, Toronto.
- "The Wolf Howl"—Sudbury High and Technical School.
- "The Year Book"—Midland High School.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Crescent Bugle"—This is another well-arranged year book. Your sports and literary sections are particularly good.—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary.

"Norvoc"—An excellent magazine. Everything is well-written. — Northern Vocational School, Toronto.

"Harbord Review"—This magazine leans too decidedly towards the general run of publication and produces few first-class ideas. The Echoes hardly gives the reader a general view of the school's activities and does not invite to a more detailed study of the annual. Your camera club photographs are pleasant and inspiring.—Harbord Collegiate, Toronto.

"The Lampadian"—Your magazine is a triumph and deserves great praise. You have an extremely interesting Literary Section, and your original contributions are very good.—Delta Collegiate, Hamilton.

"The Tattler"—Consistently well-organized and well-written throughout. — Tilsonburg High School.

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Princess Alumna

BECAUSE she knows how to "play the game" in every sense of the phrase, Gladys Carvolth has merited the coveted honour of being chosen Princess Alumna.

This prize is awarded annually by Mrs. R. F. Downey to the girl who, in the opinion of her teachers and fellow-students, is most outstanding in athletics, academic ability, personality and school spirit.

Gladys has proven herself an able leader as President of the G.A.A. and captain of the girls' basketball team.

Her ever-ready smile and infectious good humour have won for her a host of friends throughout P.C.V.S. and we all extend to her our heartiest congratulations.



4 B

Princess Alumnus

THIS year the laurel wreath adorns the brow of Jack Couper, winner of Mr. Kenner's special award to the Princess Alumnus.

The four main qualifications for this prize are, first and foremost — Character, next—Scholarship, then—Leadership, and last—Proficiency or at least interest in sport. To be worthy of this honour one must have a fair scholastic standing; one must have character and leadership. "Couper," as he is known to his fellows, obtained honours in all of his middle school subjects. He is treasurer of the B.A.A. and as for popularity one need only watch the line-up where he is selling tickets for the basketball games. To cap this off he has never been late or absent in four years.

P.C.V.S. is proud of "Couper" and wishes him every measure of success and happiness in the future.

H.B.



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The Nicholls Scholarship Winners

ACADEMIC SCHOOL

Form V	1. Gordon Kirkwood	\$12.00
	2. Ruth Hunter	8.00
Form IV	Lawrence Henry	} equal 10.00
	Carleton Patch	
Form III	1. Norma Hughes	12.00
	2. Harold Rogers	8.00
Form II	1. Peter Demos	12.00
	2. Marjorie Nesbitt	8.00
Form I	1. Ronald Dick	12.00
	2. Wilda Saunders	8.00

The W. G. Morrow Scholarship Winners

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Form Sp. Com.	1. Eunice Thexton	9.00
	2. Florence Wedlock	6.00
Form III	1. Jean McElwain	9.00
	2. Nancy Lane	6.00
Form II	1. Irene Houghton	9.00
	2. Shirly Aker	6.00
Form I	1. Helen Gough	9.00
	2. Lillian Hardy	6.00

INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

Form III—Draughting	Fred Willison	12.00
Form III—Electricity	David Hall	12.00
Form III—Machine Shop	Gerald Perks	12.00
Form III—Woodworking	Elmer Pearce	12.00
Form III—Auto Mechanics	Oscar Sloane	12.00

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT

Form III	1. Helen Routly	12.00
	2. Barbara Pearson	8.00
Form II	1. Ruth Parnall	12.00
	2. Irene Battle	8.00
Form I	1. Bernice Niblett	12.00
	2. Jean Weir	8.00



THIS year the Alumni of P.C.V.S. are scattered all over the city, province and even the Dominion, as they pursue their desires as to vocation. Some have gone on to the realms of higher education while others are setting out in this world, for the first time depending on themselves, their brain and their skill.

The University of Toronto has claimed a good number of our Alumni—Charles Glover, Donald Howson, Gordon Kirkwood, Barclay McKone, Bill McPherson, Keith McElroy, Shirley Pettit, Betty Preston, Jack Weddell, Jeanne Harvey, Mary Brooks.

A few of our girls are seeking to become nurses. At Nicholls Hospital are Verna Huffman and Marion Blewett. Laura Edmison is at Hamilton General Hospital and Frances Dawson is doing private nursing.

Those at other schools are, Business College: Alice Davis, Dorothy Strong, Marion Downing. Ruth Hall is at Millbrook Continuation and Gerald Woolf comes to Night School. Laura Whittington is at S.S. 10, Otonabee. Russell Rowan, Jack McWilliams, are in business with their fathers. Jack Richardson is in the Peterborough Canoe, and Douglas Lundy is in a Toronto bondhouse.

Mary Cathcart, Aileen, and Muriel Mountjoy, Dora Sharp, are at home.

The Alumni of the Vocational Section of the school are in the various firms of the city according to their training—either commercial or industrial.

The largest group of ex-students is, of course, employed by the Canadian General Electric Company. It includes Francis Wand, Florence Wedlock, Mary Rahkonen, Reginald Perks, Jack Skitch, Bernard Pammett, Fred Willison, David Hall, Clarence Lipsett, Emmett Creighton, William Hunt, Gerald Perks.

Horace Guppy, Dora Beatty, Oscar Sloane are working at the Western Clock Company.

The Quaker Oats Company employs Doreen Ferguson, Harry Kingdon, Grant Morrow.

Lloyd Rutherford, Fred Watson and Norman Bowler are at the Brinton-Peterborough Carpet Company.

Perry Jopling is keeping books for Jopling Bros.

Ken. Hamley is working in Trebilcock's. Majorie Powell is in Zellers Ltd., and Gordon Winslow is in Metropolitan Stores Ltd.

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Geraldine Payne is working at the Johnson Motor Company.

Annabelle Herd is with the De Laval Company.

A few are employed in other offices. Aileen Smyth is with Gordon and Elliott. Hill, Weddell and Hills employ Nancy Lane, and Hall, Hall and Stevenson employ Eileen Gynane.

John Clayton has gone to Toronto where he is employed by the Robert Simpson Company.

Dorothy Henderson, the Editor of last year's issue of the Echoes, is in the Utilities Office in Cobourg, where she resides.

Earl Beatty and Fred Cunningham are with the Canadian National Railways.

Two Alumni are employed at Banking concerns. Mignon Mayneord is with the Royal Bank, and Stanley Leggitt is employed at the Toronto Savings and Loan Company.

Isobel Cowan is in a downtown optometrist's office.

Alec Watson is employed at the Peterborough Automotive Supply Company.

Lloyd Parnall is working at the A. & P. store and Anthony Di Noble is working with his father in the fruit business.

Dorothy White is employed at the North American Life Assurance Company.



COMMERCIAL SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Standing—Helena Gough, Shirley Aker, Florence Wedlock

Sitting—Lillian Hardy, Irene Houghton, Nancy Lane, Jean McElwain, Eunice Thexton



Field Day

GIRLS

TRACK and field sports have again come into prominence in the athletic life of P.C.V.S. Boys and girls together turned out with enthusiasm to add a new page to the records of P.C.V.S. Although in the girls' events no records were broken, the chief purpose of field day was achieved because such large numbers of the girls took part either in the actual events or as officials. Some of the revived interest was due to new equipment. Practices were also facilitated by the new jumping pits put in at the south side of the school.

The girls were divided into three groups: Junior—fourteen years and under; Intermediate—fifteen and sixteen years, and Senior—seventeen and over. The winners of the groups were presented with silver cups at a morning assembly. The individual winners received ribbons on the field. Two girls tied for first place in the Senior group, Marguerite Wood 3D and Margaret Lytle 5B with 12 points each. The Intermediate winner was Muriel MacMillan 1B Commercial. The Junior cup was won by Peggy Lawless with 26 points. As the number of points indicates, Miss Lawless outdistanced all the competitors, being placed among the winners in every event.

Besides the School Meet a preliminary informal meet was held with Lakefield High School girls, in which P.C.V.S. carried off the honours. After the meet those who took part in it were entertained at supper by the G.A.A.

BOYS

THIS year Field Day was dragged out of the moth balls, in which it had been packed a couple of years ago. A grant from the Student's Council fanned its glowing embers into flame, school enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch and a perfect fall day was set aside by the committee as the date on which P.C.I. athletes were to compete for Field Day honours.

THE ECHOES

Boys and girls practised faithfully for the event. Jumping pits were prepared near the school, filled with saw-dust and conditioned by wrong doers in cal classes. The campus served as a runway for the javelin throwers, the discus-tossers and shot-putters, and the practice for track events was held at the Exhibition Grounds.

Altogether there was a record crowd assembled at the Grounds on that Friday afternoon, to watch our students strut their stuff. The entries were so numerous that events were run off in groups, Senior and Intermediate, Junior and Juvenile. Group winners received cups, and the winners of the different events had ribbons pinned on their sweaters. All in all, field day was a complete success this year in that there was a record attendance and that a number of former track records were shattered.

M. Dunkley won the Senior championship with a total of 17 points—G. McIntyre was runner up with 11 points.

W. Wright won the Intermediate championship with a total of 23 points—L. Rutherford was runner up with 15 points.

H. Galley won the Junior championship with a total of 22 points—G. Johnston was runner up with 15 points.

J. Wade won the Juvenile championship with a total of 19 points—Lawson was runner up with 16 points.

First—5 points; Second—3 points; Third—1 point.



FIELD DAY WINNERS

Standing—J. Wade, M. Dunkley, H. Galley, W. Wright.

Sitting—Muriel MacMillan, Margaret Lytle, Marguerite Wood, Peggy Lawless.

THE ECHOES

Senior Rugby

THIS year the senior squad was under the command of Mr. Bamforth, who last year coached the Intermediates. Although the team did not bring the coveted trophy to the school, Coach Bamforth, with his fast and tricky plays, caused the husky rivals from Lindsay many a worry about the outcome.

P. C. V. S. AT OSHAWA

P.C.V.S. opened its schedule in Oshawa, winning by a score of 6—1. Here we suffered a great loss to the team, when George Sedgewick, one of the stalwart middles, broke his arm and was unable to play for the balance of the season.

BELLEVILLE AT P. C. V. S.

In this game P.C.V.S. certainly showed that they really were in earnest and one of the contenders for group honours. The team, as a whole, played clever football, and team-play was the main factor in their decisive win over the heavy Belleville squad. Final score, P.C.V.S. 22, Belleville 0.

LINDSAY AT P. C. V. S.

This was one of the best games of the season. P.C.V.S. worked hard against their opponents, and given an even break, we would have come out on top. However no alibis—we can take it. The result, Lindsay 7, P.C.V.S. 1.

P. C. V. S. AT BELLEVILLE

P.C.V.S. played in Belleville with four of the team's regulars on the sidelines. The game was more evenly matched than our previous encounter, but nevertheless we were again victorious. The score, P.C.V.S. 12, Belleville 7.

P. C. V. S. AT LINDSAY

In Lindsay we met our greatest defeat of the season. Harry Marsh one of the mainstays of the team, played with an injured knee, encased in steel, but he was forced out of the game in the second half. The score, 22—1 for Lindsay. Nuff said!

OSHAWA AT P. C. V. S.

The schedule wound up in Peterborough, when P.C.V.S. defeated Oshawa 12—8. This left Lindsay in first place having lost no games, and P.C.V.S. in second place, having lost twice to Lindsay.

P. C. V. S. AT GROVE

Before the schedule opened P.C.V.S. journeyed to Lakefield, and handed the Grove team the small side of a 25—1 score. At half time the score was 1—1, but in the second half, we hit our stride and scored 24 points.

We also played an exhibition game with the local Orfuns, Intermediate finalists. In this game P.C.V.S. were at full force defeating their heavier opponents by a score of 10—2 or sumpin.



Back Row—L. Grose, A. Clark, H. Marsh, G. Sedgewick, N. Wood, D. MacPherson.
Middle Row—W. Perry, R. Pulkington, S. Patte, M. Giardino, G. Young, D. Wilson, E. Ascott.
Front Row—G. Clark, J. McKone, G. Gunsolus, G. MacIntyre, F. Jopling, J. Archibald, J. Patterson, Mr. Bamforth.

THE ECHOES

Junior Rugby Team

P. C. V. S. AT LINDSAY C. I.

PLAY in the first half was fairly even. Each team had many chances to score but seemed to falter when in a good position. Lindsay, however, scored a point on a kick to the touch line.

Score at half time, Lindsay C.I.—1; P.C.V.S.—0.

In the second half L.C.I. had an edge on the play and also the score. L.C.I. scored three points by placement. P.C.V.S. could plunge up the field but would fail to score when in position. Near the end of the game L.C.I. picked up a Peterborough fumble and plunged over for a major score.

Final score, L.C.I.—9; P.C.V.S.—0.

P. C. V. S. AT LINDSAY

Lindsay had most of the play of the first half, picking up several fumbles to change them into main scores. P.C.V.S. could not seem to get going, losing the ball continually by fumbles.

Score at half time, L.C.I.—20; P.C.V.S.—0.

After a spirited talk in the dressing room the Peterborough boys marched onto the field with fire in their eyes. Amid Andy Chartren's blood curdling yells of "CHEW 'EM UP ALIVE GANG," P.C.V.S. fairly waltzed through the opposition with powerful plunging and beautiful forward passing. But P.C.V.S. fell short ten points.

Final score, L.C.I.—20; P.C.V.S.—10.

L. C. I. AT P. C. V. S.

This game was very close throughout with the result undecided until the final whistle.

The first half opened with play ranging in centre field. P.C.V.S. had the edge but could score only three points.

Score at half time, P.C.V.S.—3; L.C.I.—0.

In the second half P.C.V.S. still had the edge on the play until the last ten minutes when fumbles put Lindsay in good scoring positions several times.

Final score, L.C.I.—5; P.C.V.S.—3.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Mr. Legon (Coach); Don Duncan, Flying Wing; Max Graham, Flying Wing; "Andy" Anderson, Half Back; Howy Phillips, Inside; Stew Laing, Snap; Andy Chartren, Inside; "Duke" Hendren, Middle; "Puddin' Head" Art Jones, Flying Wing; Bud Patterson, Outside; Jerry Creighton, Flying Wing; Bob Thirnbeck, Outside; "Sleepy" Fowler, Outside; Jack Legon, Quarter, (Captain); Haig Kelly, Half Back; Ernie Smith, Inside, "Coog" Jack Jopling, Half Back; "Handsome" Ernie Ward, Snap; Doc. Cragg, Outside; Roy Curtin, Inside.



THE ECHOES

Third Rugby Team

THIS year the third rugby team enjoyed a very successful season under the excellent coaching of Mr. Corneil who applied "his science" in every possible way to beat our opponents.

Our first game with Grove was a very hard and even game. With three seconds to go and the score 7—7, P.C.V.S. kicked for a point, thus winning the game with a score of 8—7.

Our second game with Grove was played at River Side Park with a good crowd in attendance. The score at the end of this game was 22—0 for P.C.V.S.

On the return game at Lakefield, Grove took an early lead owing to a fumble on our ten yard line. P.C.V.S. soon closed up the gap and took the lead. The score at the end of the game was 29—12 for P.C.V.S.

A scrub game with St. Peter's who had to borrow several P.C.V.S. players marked the final game for the third team. The score was tied 6—6.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—H. Phillips, Mr. Legon, R. Curtin, S. Laing.

Middle Row—D. Duncan, F. Patterson, D. Hendren, J. Jopling, E. Fowler, E. Smith.

Front Row—D. Anderson, A. Jones, J. Legon, E. Ward, M. Graham, E. Cragg,
R. Thornbeck.

THE ECHOES

Hockey

P. C. V. S. again entered a team in the Junior City Hockey League to strive to win the championship title which was won in 1933. Although they did not succeed in doing just this, they certainly played real hockey at times, losing out by only one goal on two occasions.

Coach, Mr. David Brown, started the season with almost a complete new team, not being able to use some of last year's players due to rules. With the twelve best players selected from the large turnout at the first practice, the team played the Normal team the following week and lost out in the dying moments of the game by a score of 4 to 3. The next game with Murphy's Tigers, a week later, also ended in a heart-breaking score for the players of 5 to 4, for the Tigers. In the remaining games of the schedule P.C.V.S. was out-classed by much superior playing, although every player gave his best from the goal-keeper out. Art. Heal, captain of the team, deserves special mention. He was also the highest scorer in every game.

The school does not lack in hockey material, however, as it has four outstanding players in Drake Jopling, Jack Archibald, Don. Coughlin and Alan Clark, playing on the local Junior O.H.A. team. This season this team defeated all opposition in Eastern Ontario, but lost out in the semi-finals to Barrie, the final score on the round being



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. R. D. Brown, M. Giardino, L. Ash, B. Kennedy, G. Clark, J. Leith.
Front Row—J. Patterson, H. Kelly, J. Creighton, W. Hepburn, A. Heal, J. Jopling, W. Perry.

THE ECHOES

9 to 8. These four players also played on the school team whenever possible during the year.

Next year let us hope the school team will give a good account of itself with the new players coming on under the able coaching of Mr. David Brown.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Goal, Bill Hepburn; defence, Jack Jopling, Maurice Giardino, Jack Patterson; forwards, Art. Heal (captain), Grant Clark, Jerry Creighton, Walter Perry, Joe Leith, Haig Kelly, Bud Kennedy, Lloyd Ash.

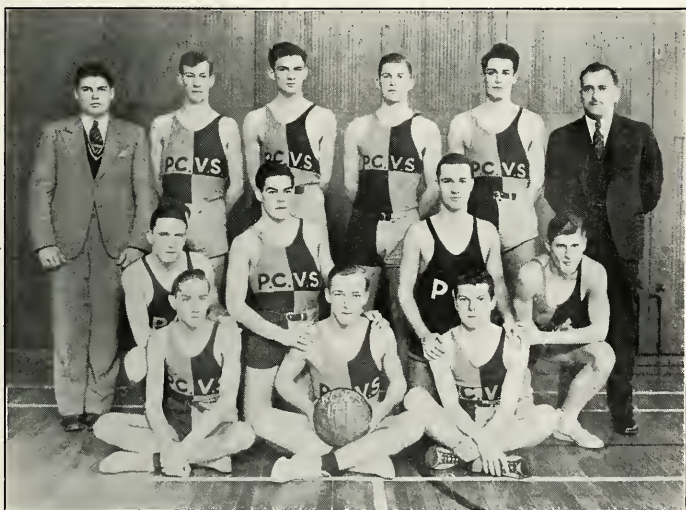
P. C. V. S. Senior Basketball

AT the beginning of the season much interest was shown, in the hope of turning out a successful team. After several weeks of practice the following players were picked from a large group of boys:

Defence:—Gordon McIntyre, Harry Marsh, Tom Smart and Don Welch.

Forwards:—Doug McPherson, Ross Pulkinghorn, Jim Thorburn, Ron. Burns, Philip Amys, Vince Holmes, Walter Ward and George Sedgewick.

Two exhibition games were played before the regular schedule commenced against a picked Y.M.C.A. team. P.C.V.S. won both games by 49—22, 25—18 re-



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—G. Gunsolus, V. Holmes, P. Amys, G. Sedgewick, H. Harsh, Mr. Bamforth.

Kneeling—T. Smart, R. Pulkinghorn, D. Welch, G. MacIntyre

Sitting—W. Ward, D. MacPherson, J. Thorburn.

THE ECHOES

spectively. When the schedule opened the team was in splendid shape—due to the able coaching of Mr. Bamforth.

January 18—Bowmanville H.S. at P.C.V.S. From the beginning P.C.V.S. took the lead and remained in front throughout the entire game. Both forward lines worked well and at the same time were backed by the splendid defence work of H. Marsh and G. McIntyre. Final score: P.C.V.S., 43; B.H.S., 19.

January 25—P.C.V.S. at Cobourg C.I. Cobourg was last year's group winner and was considered to be the biggest threat, but the Garnet and Greys won out in a close contest. It is understood that this was the first time over a period of years that the Cobourg Senior Boys had been defeated on their own floor. Final score: P.C.V.S., 29; C.C.I., 10.

February 1:—P.C.V.S. at Port Hope H.S. In a fast interesting game P.C.V.S. easily defeated the Port Hope team. Final score: P.C.V.S., 55; P.H.S., 13.

As the following week was an open date, two exhibition games were played. On Wednesday evening the school team played a picked team from the Y.M.C.A., defeating it 33—12. On Friday evening P.C.V.S. defeated the Cobourg Invictus Club 33—12.

At this time two valuable players were lost, Tom Smart and Vince Holmes. The members of the team wish them every success in their respective vocations.

February 15:—Port Hope H.S. at P.C.V.S. Using the large floor to advantage the home team ran up a high score, by means of clever passing plays which never worked better. Due to a strong defence, few points were scored against us. Final score: P.C.V.S., 99; P.H.S., 9.

February 22:—Cobourg C.I. at P.C.V.S. In this game the Cobourg team provided the best opposition that the Garnet and Grey had so far faced. Due to a successful spurt after being down seven points, C.C.I. was leading at half time, 12—9. However, in the second half P.C.V.S. played clever basketball to win 32—17.

March 1:—P.C.V.S. at Bowmanville H.S. Although the result of the game could in no way affect the group standing, the Peterborough players were anxious to keep their record of victories intact. In a fast, clean game, B.H.S. were defeated by a score of 39—14.



THE ECHOES

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL FINALS

On March 16, in preparation for the playoffs in Toronto, an exhibition game was obtained with the West End Y.M.C.A. senior team from Toronto. At half-time, West End were leading 20—12 and the score at full time was, West End 43, P.C.V.S. 20.

March 29 P.C.V.S. played Belleville in the playoffs. In the first half P.C.V.S. obtained a lead of ten points with the score standing at 21—11. Belleville returned playing a strong game in the last half, but could not overcome the ten point lead. The final score was 26—21 for P.C.V.S.

March 30 P.C.V.S. finished the season by going down to defeat at the hands of the strong Stamford C.I. team. Stamford secured a big lead in the first half with the score 26—5, and held it throughout the game. The final score was, S.C.I. 39, P.C.V.S. 16.

Much credit is due to our coach, Mr. Bamforth, whose time and interest has been given whole-heartedly for the cause and success of the team.

The Girls' Athletic Association

A GAIN this year athletic activities for the girls of P.C.V.S. assume a prominent position. These activities are directed by an executive elected by the girl-students. In September nominations were made for the offices of the Girls' Athletic Association as follows:

Honorary President	-	Miss Dorothy Brisbin
President	-	Gladys Carvolth
Vice-President	-	Mary Kingsbury
Treasurer	-	Ruth Pogue



G. A. A. AND B. A. A. EXECUTIVES

Standing—Marion Harvey, P. Amys, J. Couper, Ruth Pogue.

Sitting—Mary Kingsbury, Mr. Bamforth, Gladys Carvolth, Miss Brisbin, G. McIntyre.

THE ECHOES

Girls' Senior Basketball

BOWMANVILLE AT PETERBOROUGH

P. C. V. S. girls' basketball opened their schedule in their own gym against Bowmanville. The visiting team had most of its last year's team and their combination plays proved too much for P.C.V.S. sextet. The final score was 11—6 for Bowmanville and although P.C.V.S. had the majority of the play they were unable to make the necessary points. For the initial game of the season P.C.V.S. girls made a fine showing.

PETERBOROUGH AT COBOURG

P.C.V.S. were defeated by Cobourg, last year's champions, by a score of 28—18. Cobourg completely baffled P.C.V.S. for the first half with trick combination and short sure passes. At half time Cobourg was leading 22—7 but for the latter part of the game P.C.V.S. put up a great fight and added to their score although they were unable to overtake the local team.

PETERBOROUGH AT PORT HOPE

This proved to be one of the hardest games the Garnet and Grey squad had to play during their schedule, and the result was a 12 all tie. It was a hard-fought game with close checking and accurate passing. There were never more than 2 points difference in the score from the time the opening whistle blew. The teams were evenly matched as the score indicated, but P.C.V.S. had the edge on the play.

PORT HOPE AT PETERBOROUGH

When Port Hope played a return game the local team showed a vast improvement. The visitors found the larger floor not to their liking and the effective checking, and accurate passing of the local team, held them down to only five points. At half time P.C.V.S. was leading 17—3 and at full time defeated Port Hope by a score of 23—5.

COBOURG AT PETERBOROUGH

P.C.V.S. handed Cobourg their first C.O.S.S.A. defeat of the season in a fine display of basketball—the score standing at 9—3. The game was a highly exciting one and although the visitors had many chances in close they found the large floor hard to get accustomed to. The losers failed to get a basket, making their points on free throws. P.C.V.S. obtained a lead at the beginning of the game and maintained it throughout.

PETERBOROUGH AT BOWMANVILLE

P.C.V.S. concluded their basketball for the season by defeating Bowmanville 10—8 in the most exciting game of the season. It was the fastest display of basketball seen in this group all year and excitement was at a fever pitch from whistle to whistle. At half time the visitors were leading by the narrow margin of 3—2. In the second half P.C.V.S. managed to get the winning basket in the dying moments of the game. Both sides used good combination and checked well, with P.C.V.S. having only a slight edge on the play.

The season closed with Cobourg the champions and we take this opportunity of congratulating them on their well-earned success. They went through their schedule with only one defeat and P.C.V.S. might well feel proud of defeating such a classy team.

THE ECHOES

Personnel of Girls' P.C.V.S. Basketball Team

"GLAD" CARVOLTH—Needs no introduction to P.C.V.S. students. Although it was her first year on any team, she proved to be one of the best forwards. Her brilliant personality combined with her ability as a player led her team mates to elect her as captain of the team. She filled her position well and worthy of the confidence placed in her.

"GLADDIE" GERARD—Played as regular guard on the team. Her passing was fast and good and intercepting of passes clever. Her playing was often spectacular. In addition her ability to combine with others rather than to play a lone game made her a valuable member of the team. Gladdie was the fastest player on the floor and her speed proved a great asset.

"MARION" HARVEY—Was an alternate forward—she played a good combination game, working well with her team mates. We expect her back next year to take her place as one of the star forwards on the team.

"KATY" ROGOW—She played as alternate guard and in this position did some very fine work. She possessed a real knowledge of the game. Katy had the knack of sticking with her opponent, always being in the right place and no forward could shake her.

"MARY" MCPHERSON—A regular forward. Probably no member of the team improved more than Mary. Her shooting is accurate and passing quick and good. She could always be depended on to get points when they were most needed.

"WINNIE" SNOWDEN—Gave real leadership to the guards. It was she on whom we depended when the opposing forwards were threatening our basket and she never failed us. Winnie gave all her resource and energy all the time. Her playing was consistently effective in intercepting passes. Her long shots were one of her strong points. Though her playing was not always spectacular, it was of high merit.

"KAY" CADDY—An alternate forward. She is a very steady player and shows real promise in that position. Due to an injured ankle she was unable to continue in the latter part of the season.

"MARG" WOOD—Played as regular centre forward. Her height which is above the average enabled her to fill this trying position skillfully. She was an all round good player; a good shot, with good team-play. She proved to be a very game, reliable player.

"RUTH" HUNTER—An alternate guard. She also made good use of her height around the basket, getting the rebounds and passing them up the floor to the forwards. She was most effective in blocking passes.

"MISS BRISBIN"—When the basketball season opened this year Miss Brisbin found herself faced with the task of building up a team of entirely new players. This year there was an exceptionally good turn out of faithful basketball enthusiasts and those who were chosen for the team were worthy of the honour. "Brizzie's" sunny disposition and understanding nature made her a great favourite with the girls. Although the team ran a close second for the championship, they failed by a small margin to nose out the Cobourg veterans (Champions of 1934), and they at least were success-

THE ECHOES

ful in being the only team to defeat them throughout the season. If the team's winning streak had only begun sooner we are sure the P.C.V.S. girls would have brought home the honours to Miss Brisbin and P.C.V.S.

Time-keeper—Anna McKenzie; Scorer—Margaret Lytle.

Margaret Lytle, G. Carvolth.

G.A.A. Wiener Roast

ON November 1, the annual wiener roast of the G.A.A. was held in the gymnasium with about three hundred girls present. Under the capable direction of Miss Brisbin, assisted by Miss McIntosh, Miss Bailey and Miss Jamieson, the girls played games for about an hour. A main feature of this year's wiener roast was the short program presented before lunch. The girls of Ila Academic presented a dance which was followed by group dancing and singing and a very pretty dance by M. Macpherson, L. Comstock and F. Trebilcock. After the serving of hotdogs and doughnuts everyone joined in a grand march and the wiener roast closed with three rousing cheers.

The Junior Boys' Basketball Team

THE 1934-35 Junior Basketball team was composed of a group of interested, hard-working boys. The fact that they did not gain a championship does not truly show the efforts which the boys and our coach, Mr. Craig, put forth to try to make it a winning team.

The Lakeshore Group consisted of only three teams:—Bowmanville, Port Hope



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

From Left to Right—Gladys Carvolth, Gladys Gerrard, Marion Harvey, Katie Rogow, Mary McPherson, Winnifred Snowden, Kay Caddy, Marguerite Wood, Ruth Hunter, Miss Brisbin.

THE ECHOES

and Peterborough. Of the four games scheduled, Peterborough won two, the two losses being to Bowmanville. Bowmanville won all four games to win the Group Championship.

The first game was played in Peterborough. The visiting Bowmanville team played a smart combination and blocking game to outplay and defeat the Peterborough team by a score of 18—9.

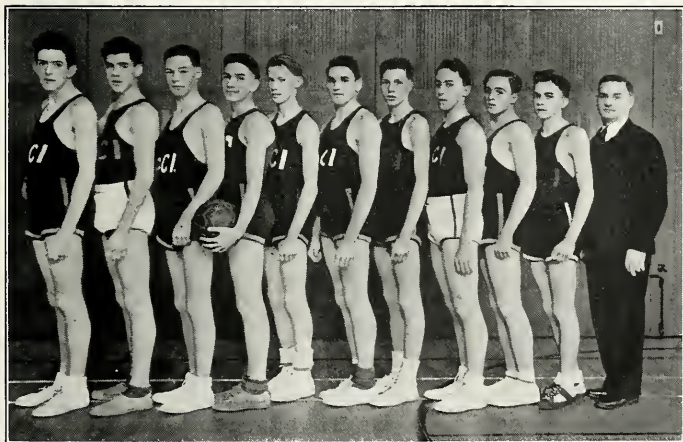
However, in the next game the team went to Port Hope and handed their Junior team an 11—7 loss.

Then the Port Hope team came up to Peterborough and received another defeat when the Peterborough team out-scored and out-played the visiting team to win by a score of 31—6.

The next and final game of the season was played in Bowmanville. A very confident and much improved team left Peterborough only to be defeated by a much superior and also improved Bowmanville team. The result of the game showed a 37—11 victory for Bowmanville, although the Peterborough team outscored them 5—2 in the second half.

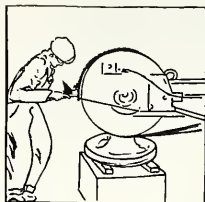
This ended this season's basketball for the Junior Boys with Bowmanville in the lead, undefeated.

Coach Craig, who ably attended to the coaching of the team, deserves much credit for his work.

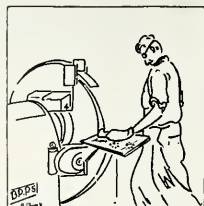


BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

From Left to Right—S. Laing, L. Ash, A. LeClair, G. Johnston, J. Gemmell, L. Grose, D. Weese, F. Patterson, D. Anderson, C. Davern, Mr. Craig.



VOCATIONAL DEPT.



Vocational School Exhibition

ON Friday, March 29, the Vocational School held its annual Exhibition. This year's Exhibition was a great success as everyone that attended realizes. The purpose of this Exhibition is to show to the public the work done by the pupils of the day and night classes of the Industrial and Household Arts. The main exhibits were on display in the gymnasium.

IN THE GYMNASIUM

The Commercial classes had a display of such products as Tobacco from raw materials to the finished goods.

In Draughting, the first formers contributed many pencil drawings of different articles. Second and third year students displayed tracings, blue prints, and inked drawings. One feature was a blue-printed drawing of a complete layout of a house. Models were cut out of cardboard and displayed with drawings of Geometric solids.

In Science, there was a display of how wind affects streamlining of a car shown by a wind tunnel and streamers. The miniature theatre, showing how coloured lights change the appearance of objects, was amazing. The word "Science" was spelled by running water through glass tubes.

Motor Mechanics had a display of electrical circuits, transmission and kneec-action of a new car. One circuit was run by a generator driven by a small motor.

The Machine Shop had a display of a small drill-press, vices, candy hammers, gears, pulleys and letters spelling "Third Year Specialists."

In the centre of the floor was a display of woodworking ability of night and day classes. This excellent display included a china cabinet, wardrobe cabinet, tables, chairs, magazine stands and a writing cabinet.

IN THE SHOPS

In the Electrical construction room there were many lights. First year and Commercial third year had elementary circuits on boards on the walls. Second year electricians had wired the upper part of the skeleton house, while those of the third year wired the lower rooms. Many generators and motors previously installed with conduit by third year were running.

In the Applied Electricity Room were many experiments. Here, too, were two central telephone boards, one in working order, the other partly connected.

The Machine Shop was a beehive of activity; the lathes busy turning out candle-sticks, jig-saw base, gear blanks and a punch for Auto Mechanics. While this was going on the milling machine was cutting gears and the shaper vice-bodies.

In the Woodworking shop the lathes were busy turning out lamps. On the tables as you went through were many models of stairs, and house tops made by third year specialists.

THE ECHOES

Second year Auto Mechanics had drawings to show wiring of different parts of cars. The third year Auto Mechanics had a 1934 Buick and many others wired as the actual car is wired. The third year electrical students had drawings of a starting compensator and rotating magnetic fields of a motor. One display by a third year electrical student showed the operation of the telephone every time you use it. In the centre of the room was a display showing the work of the night classes.

The Science Room display consisted of the different types of lighting, showing how light was measured by a foot candle meter. The reflection of light and also the demonstration of what a candlepower is, were features of this room.

In the Vocational Geography exhibit many products were shown and their origin and their manufacture. Two relief maps were in the making, showing the land structure of Asia and Africa. One exhibit showed how silk was wound on a reel from a cocoon spun by the silk-worm.

AUDITORIUM PROGRAMME

In the evening a programme was put on composed of many numbers. It consisted of selections by the School Orchestra; Fashion Show by the day school classes; a dance by Vocational Girls; a cornet solo; fashion show by night classes and a playlet telling how an office manager had a hard time finding a perfect secretary. The programme closed with "God Save the King."

Ed. Ascott, 3B Industrial Arts.

Vocational Exhibition

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH the Exhibition of work in the Day and Night classes of the Vocational Department of the Peterborough Vocational School was held. To this the Household Arts Department gave a splendid contribution.

In the kitchen Household Arts III girls displayed culinary talents for the passing audience. Nearby, an assortment of cakes and jams, made by the girls, was sold. On the tables was a collection of food, labeled to indicate which contained a certain vitamin, protein, carbohydrates, etc.

The dining room furniture showed the application of furniture polish. The table was covered with a lace cloth and set with glassware. On both the table and buffet were bouquets of spring flowers. On a small table a breakfast was set with coloured streamers going from the different foods to a map to show from whence the food stuff came. On another table was a reducing diet of gruels with instructions as to when and how much to take.

The room contained a bed in which was an ailing doll. Set before her was a buffet composed of food destined to make her well again.

Tea was served in room 79. The tables were decorated with spring-like daffodils, narcissus and tulips. The room was lighted with bridge and table lamps.

In the gymnasium Canadian History was well represented with things characteristic of the country and period. Madam Hebert stood on a hill with her ax and looked forlornly across the bay. Life was certainly no bed of roses for these hardy folk, as indicated by the interior of a settler's home. Maps were made of the old boundary lines of Upper and Lower Canada and the floor plan of the House of Commons. A few history note books and illustration books were also exhibited. An extensive display to represent the mining town of Verona, near Kingston, attracted many.



III COMMERCIAL

Back Row—C. Hickson, V. O'Connor, L. Grose, W. Cummings, J. Trotter, E. Williamson, J. Basciano, E. Kelly, J. Baldwin.
Middle Row—Ruth Pogue, Ethel Butcher, Irene Houghton, Eleanor Shadget, Josephine Killoran, Thelma McLaren, Elizabeth Dominik, Jean Nichols, Shirley Aker, Sheila Wright, Lucille Milburn.
Front Row—Irene Jones, Jean Hair, Kathleen Thackeray, Dorothy Williams, Adelia Sargeant, Evelene Kelly, Gerarda Simmons, Marguerite Gardiner, Edna Lee, Marion Anderson. *Absent*, Ruth Boorman.



III INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Back Row—G. Whiteside, L. Symonds, H. Palmer, E. Pearce, K. Wood, M. Hill, E. Tighe, R. Bullock, G. English.

Middle Row—H. Fife, M. Gadd, R. Halliday, E. Ascott, D. Weese, H. Lush, A. Porter, V. Coleman, A. Johnston, H. May.

Front Row—M. Bebee, F. Allison, L. Dominik, A. Heal, H. Vollans, R. Thirnbeck, B. Bolam, A. Chivas, K. Gibson, N. Wood, G. Bullock.

THE ECHOES

In the Related Draughting room the second year electricians showed how a home was wired. These drawings were used in wiring the house in the Construction room.

In English History Henry VIII was present with a few of his many wives. A formidable Norman Castle was there, moat and all. A Saxon dwelling with oxen industriously pulling a load over a narrow road. The interior of a Roman Dining Hall with all its Roman striped cushions showed the elaborate way in which they lived.

The Geography room walls showed interesting projects, relief maps, etc.

The Art Exhibit in room 6 was large and all work was well done. Poster paints, chalk, oil paints and water colours were all used. A number of parchment lamp shades and waste paper baskets of different shapes and sizes were on a centre table.

The Day School sewing was in room 72. There were a number of dainty children's bonnets and dresses. There were also many smart suits, dresses and blouses. The Night School's sewing in the gymnasium was the centre of great attention.

A programme, to which those buying tickets at a nominal price of 10 cents were admitted, was held in the evening from 8.30 to 9.30. Dr. Moir acted as chairman. A special visitor of the evening was Mr. Rutherford, chief director of Technical Education of the Province. The programme consisted of selections by the School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Weames, the Day School fashion show and a pretty dance by Vocational girls. There was also a cornet solo, "The Lost Chord," by David Wilson, accompanied by other members of the school orchestra. The Night School then had a fashion show which was followed by a playlet "Choosing a Secretary."

The Exhibition was well attended and was proclaimed the best in the History of the School.

Bernice Niblett, H.A. II.



III HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Standing—Isobel Skitch, Rita Darling, Ruby Milburn, Irene Battle.

Sitting—Geraldine Chapman, Myrtle Joyes, Helen Hetherington, Ruth Parnall, Mary Kingsbury, Margaret Morgan.



V. A.

THERE are several methods of bringing to your attention, the personalities of VA. By far the most popular one is "20 Years Hence" or "5A's Future." Always original, we are going to give you "Five A's Past." Do not blush and take furious bites of your fourth finger nail, O gentle reader—far be it from us to reveal to the horrified stare of the reading public the skeletons in 5A's closet. We simply mean that "Five A's Past" takes place at about the time of Lincoln's 3rd paragraph of his Gettysburgh address. The story opens in the beverage room of "Ye Olde Tarverne" and an interesting room it is.

Seated at a table near the wall are four boisterous young men—Burns, Welch, Stinson and Ward, who, between sips of milk and bites of soda biscuit, are discussing the possibilities of a new game of basket ball.

The sound of galloping hooves draws them to the doorway. XXXXXXXX, dressed in a grey coonskin coat and riding a grey plymouth, comes dashing up the street shouting "The Brown Coats are coming." Sure enough, the P.C.I. Cadet Corps, led by Jim Wood, comes strutting up the street. As they march past, with fearless look in their eyes and unwrapped putties on their legs, Jack Couper, a Yankee for business reasons, is heard to remark "Ah'm thankful, suh, that Canadah is soon to have a navy," and retires to dip his comely face in a stein of lemonade.

John Cowling, becomingly dressed in doe-skin breeches and ruffled shirt, joins the party. John is the editor of "Ye Hot-Cha News," a publication which weekly draws the wrath of Ferguson Barr, Lawrence Henry and Carleton Patch, the brain-trustees of the Board of Education. Ye Editor proudly showed us a picture of his beach beauties. The two foremost looked adorable in a creation of twelve yards gingham and three plush drapes, while of two others the faces peeped shyly from behind a beach umbrella (used in winter as an awning alternately for the Town Hall and Black and Borland's general store).

As we pore over this, behold! McPherson and Pulkinghorn totter in and faintly call for two Ovaltines. After they down their drinks they inform the company that they have just seen a sight that has made their blood run cold. McKone and Stabler have appeared in public with handlebar moustaches. Pammett, the inventive genius of the group, immediately set to work on plans for a collapsible tooth-brush, that will not interfere with the ends of such moustaches.

THE ECHOES

A couple of travelling salesmen, Barnard and Comrie, entered and when Barnard finished selling a goodly number of reducing belts, Comrie immediately sold as many bottles of Ironized Yeast. Wilson, Killingbeck and Lewis were not in evidence. They were languishing in durance vile for tying their horses to a fire-plug.

And now that 5A's past has been compiled, may I say that its future is as dark as that of a blind photographer whitewashing the walls of a photographic dark room.

Wobble N. Peeble.

VB Report

Now this is an epic, a story quite plain,
Of that class of people who work not for gain,
But for their masters exacting and stern,
And never take thought for reward they should earn.
Now just take Patte whose labours at French
Some day might get him a seat on the bench.
Consider sweet William whose farmer's degree,
Helps him a lot to discuss History.
Athletic Miss Carvolth's a wizard at Latin,
With helps that make Cicero smoother than satin.
Of all VB scholars the best little talker,
Is smiling vivacious Miss Mary Walker.
Miss Renwick from Keene is our flustered young lady,
Her last minute entrance she tries to keep shady,
Of vi'linists and drummers we don't have to borrow,
For with us we have Ford, Howell and Morrow.
Now all these students have good points to spare,
We're sure that some joshing they all can bear,
So we will close with best wishes to all,
And if you don't like this, just give us a call.

E. & K.



THE ECHOES

JVB'S Personal Service Bureau

- G. Sedgewick..... There is no law about spats having to match each other; that you wear them at all is something.
- Miss Roseborough..... No, an incinerator is not one who says nasty things about you. I think "gat" is a slang word for kitten.
- John Pratten..... Don't worry about your future occupation, John. How about a mooring mast for zeppelins?
- Miss Rogow..... That line is translated as follows: "Cæsar took the stiff officers to Britain."
- "Hank" Vass..... She may not have ceased to care; try a Rolls razor.
- Miss Watson..... The names of those books are: "Classroom Conversations"—by Eileen Ovar; "Mist"—by A. Mile.
- Miss Bond..... Put him on the floor and jump on him; a lobster doesn't mind.
- Miss Collins..... Those lines are as follows:
The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
He would not leave his post till he
His new "Echoes" had read.
- I almost forgot you, Young: Yes, singing through a screen door may strain your voice.

Miss Polly Pillington.



THE ECHOES

III A Academic

THERE was a sort of tension in the air. Even Miss Henderson could feel it as she tripped demurely into the library at the head of the class. In fact everybody seemed strangely silent. Even Pierce was quiet. But perhaps I had better explain myself. The scene, as I have said, was the library. The time—1.30. The event—the unmasking of III A. Mr. Kenner was speaking:

"As I have said, each of you is to solemnly swear to the worst crime you have committed at the P. C. I. in 1934-5. We will go alphabetically and take only worst offenders. Miss Boorman."

"I've talked back to four teachers."

"Miss Betts."

"I have never done a thing."

"Chase."

"Please, I squirm when I answer."

"Cragg."

"I get sore at Weir in Chemistry."

"Davidson."

"I make Hymie sleep in Chemistry."

"Demos."

"I got 100 in Geometry."

"Miss Fraser."

"I wear tartan dresses."

"Florence."

"I poked Ross four times one afternoon."

"Miss McPherson."

"I make faces at some teachers, and I'm always chewing gum."

"Park."

"Once upon a time I didn't have my French Authors done."

"Pierce."

"I—uh—I grumble out loud at some homework. And—uh—"

"Ro—Yes?"

"And I see things I shouldn't see with my mirror."

"Ross."

"I spoil the chances of anybody else with the girls—you know my curly hair."

"H'm—Shearer."

"

!"

"Smith."

"I am a bad boy in French class and I swear in Yiddish at Ross."

"Weir."

"I am a good? Joe Penner."

"White."

"I am not what I seem."

"Yelland."

"I tease Davidson, and I have dark secrets."

Mr. Kenner slowly rose to his feet.

THE ECHOES

"And some people think this the best form in the school." With that he walked out.

Ross looked at Tully. Tully looked at Ross.

"Whew!" said Tully.

"Whew!" said Ross.

III B Academic

TWELVE-THIRTY noon; the big parade is over; the real circus starts at 2 p.m. "Well! here we are fellows, all aboard for the big show. Get in line and buy your tickets. Whom do we see in the box office but Don Carr? I might have known his melodious voice, shouting the prices. There's another guy. Keep away from him, he charges twice as much as Carr. Well if it isn't Cranfield, old pal, old kid, old thing."

"We'll see the elephants first. Oh boy, look at the trainer! Barr, the minister's son; watch him heave the ten pound roast into the elephant's mouth. His one ambition realized, he belongs to the circus now. Alas! his assistant Jean Flett. She is here and there at his beck and call. "This way, folks, to see the midgets." "Shall we go?" "O.K." "Well, if it isn't Blanche Buck, Al. Clark, Vi Bath, and Jean Fowler. This is a fake, let's get out! Look over there, a man eating snakes. Why I went to school with that chap, Campbell is his name. He always seemed to me, one who could relish these unwholesome goodies. How'd you like to see the ballet dancers? Come on then! Oh—do you see what I see? It's Jean Belleghem, no less. Dainty, don't you think? Let's go on and get a better view. Look, isn't that Bink Cruthers, Peaches Graham, Andrews, and Drummond doing the continental?"

"The monkey tent. I wonder who trains them—sakes alive, it is Edmondson—well he'll be able to teach the cute little things how to smile if nothing else. Oh! and his helpers no less, Grace Hunt, Mary Thompson, Clark, Curry and Allen. The monkeys should learn a lot."

Well! So much for that part of the circus, watch for the second chapter in a later edition. It will certainly be worth while.

Elliot—You raised your hat to that girl we passed and you don't know her, do you?

Grant—No, but my brother does and this is his hat.

III C Academic

IN order that the reader may conceive an idea of what takes place in this form, we present some of the highlights of III C.

Robert Ingram, the bird fancier of the form, informed us the other morning that his pet stork had been arrested. It seems that it was delivering a coloured baby to a home, and the local post-office had it arrested for black-mail.

Melville McKee, the energetic lad of III C., has been commemorating the birth-days of some of the world's greatest men, by impersonating them. On George Wash-

THE ECHOES

ington's birthday he did not tell a lie. In celebrating Napoleon's anniversary he went to the barn-yard and started to tease his mother's cow. When asked what that had to do with Napoleon, he said "It was the retreat from Ma's cow" (Moscow).

Betty Jack tells us that Adolphe Le Clair, the selfmade man of HIC, owner and operator of Le Clair's Chewingless Chewing Gum Co., is so conceited that when he looks into a mirror he has a great deal of trouble wondering what the other six wonders of the world are doing.

Miss Lawrence (entering with squeaky shoes): I am going to be a song writer.

D. MacDonald: Sounds interesting.

Miss Lawrence: Yes, I have music in my sole.

Helen McGee (listening to static on a radio) I have Brazil.

E. Lawless: How do you know it is Brazil?

Helen McGee: I can hear them cracking the nuts.

Reunion in 1960, (Hd Acad.)

IN his Baker Street office, Inspector Ristow of the Canadian Back Yard, discovered, in his pile of correspondence, an invitation to a reunion of the 1934-35 class of HIC Academic, at Miss Van Allen's home.

The much looked forward to evening soon arrived. The Inspector was announced by the butler Vallery and greeted by Miss Van Allen, who wore, for the occasion, a valuable diamond necklace. After paying his respects to his hostess, Ristow greeted Walter "Winchell" Perry, an editor, seated with Marguerite Wood and Jack Patterson. While crossing the room he met Joan Ottowell and Linden Reid the famous stocking runners, (isn't that catchy?). At the other side sat Forsyth the shirt designer, Purdue and Tanney, both of the circus. Presently he met Seymour, the optician, whose motto is "See us and Seymour." Then he saw that millionaire playboy, Ernest Ward, with those screen celebrities, Frances Tully and Willow Wilford. "Miss Tully," reminded Perry, "is the girl who used to forget her slip." She need never worry now as she is in the "Follies." The Misses Savigny and Parrington played bridge with Hagerman and Patterson. Wilson Wildman and Rita Sproule demonstrated the "Continental" to the enticing rhythm of Bill Turner, the Rajah of the Rumba. Wood and Pearse offered further entertainment. That star of the Metropolitan Opera, Jasper Thorburn, rendered, in his own inimitable manner, Silly Symphony in F. Minor, accompanied by that accomplished pianist Madame Beatrice Zacks. Jasper was interrupted by a shriek from the hostess, "My necklace is gone." "They could crack a safe in this uproar," remarked Florence Outram to Mildred White, those two vaudeville comedienness.

While helping to solve the mystery, the Inspector met all his old school chums. Penrose is a movie actor, starring in romantic roles with Miss Sharpe. Robert is posing for Pepsodent. All the guests except Steer offered to be searched. The necklace was found under the wig of a hired waiter, Thompson. It was rumored that Steer refused to be searched because he carried an engagement ring for Beth Stewart.

The absentees were Eleanor Reed, the victim of a one-armed driver, and the Wray twins who completely forgot to come.

"Pee Wee" West.

THE ECHOES

Special Commercial

THE scene is Special Commercial form room at ten minutes to nine in the morning. Here and there a distracted pupil strives to finish his bookkeeping or shorthand before the nine o'clock bell. To form a striking contrast "Flash" Benson sits calmly reading the morning paper, completely oblivious of those around him. "Handsome" Harry, one of our deepest thinkers, is earnestly explaining to "Diphthong" Miller why he thinks it is the little things in life that count. Miss Hunter suddenly waxes loquacious on the subject "The secret of my success in basketball." (She plays with the girls). In another section of the room Duncan, (our fishing enthusiast), is describing, complete with gestures and sound effects, "The Fish that Got Away," to a spell-bound audience. Miss Whaley, becomingly flushed from her haste, slips through the doorway, immediately followed by Smart, (the dynamic young business man of our recent play), minus the becoming flush. There goes the bell and after a discussion between Mr. Toole and the class at large about which bell it was, we file out noisily in the direction of the Assembly Hall. (Miss Lees will understand). Miss Killoran and Henry arrive late. We wonder if he was helping her catch up with her penmanship.

The scene shifts to the bookkeeping class.

Mr. Toole—What is the answer to the trial balance? Miss . . . pause . . . louder?

Miss Throop, (brightly without hesitation), \$6150.90. There is an understanding chuckle from the class. It is a system.

Mr. Toole to Palmer, who is gazing abstractedly out of the window—Where did you list the last entry?

Palmer—I didn't list it on account—

Mr. Toole—On account of what?

Palmer—Absently—On account of I forgot my book.

R—ing. End of period and we adjourn for stenography.

Enter Mr. Shearer (briskly). He glances at the thermometer, dashes to the window and throws it open.

"Generally speaking," everybody feels chilly except for a few fresh air enthusiasts who I strongly suspect must wear red flannels.

Mr. Shearer—O'Donnell, give me an example of a first place dash vowel.

O'Donnell—absentmindedly—"Dot."

Mr. Shearer—You really must try to keep her out of your mind during classes.

(Note)—The Misses Boorman, Weese and Allen sink lower in their seats. And so the hours pass like a great percentage of Special Commercial and we reach the end of another perfect (?) morning.

SECRET AMBITIONS

1. Barnes—To go to Florida.
2. Miss White—To be an actress.
3. Miss Gibbons—To break a ski-jumping record.
4. Gainey—To be a movie hero so he can rescue more ladies in distress.
5. Archibald—To join the Maple Leafs.
6. Kay Lacey—To discover a waterless creek.
7. Aileen Sisson—To win an endurance contest.

THE ECHOES

8. Miss Rutherford—To be a perfect secretary.
9. Mary Thomas—To become a great composer.
10. Bill McFadden—To invent a noiseless alarm clock.
11. Hurtubise—A certain blonde.
12. Campbell—To sing opera.
13. Eason—To win a pole-sitting contest.

H. Botnick.

III Commercial

NAME	NICKNAME	AMBITION
Elnore Williamson	Precious	To toot his whistle
Jean Hair	Jeanny	Professional skater
Clayton Hickson	Moses	To wake up
Irene Houghton	Reney	To stand first
Marguerite Gardner	Toots	She's O.K.
Dorothy Williams	Willy	She's got em
Ruth Pogue	"Betty" Boop	To reduce slightly
Gerarda Simmons	Gerry	To be belle of the Twenties
Ethel Butcher	"Butch"	To be a shorthand wizard
Sheila Wright	"Meg"	Pride of the Prairies
Shirley Aker	Shirley Temple	To excel in everything
Edna Lee	Agnes	A dietitian
Josephine Killoran	Maggie Wartz	To become a lawyer
Marion Anderson	Rubinoff	Hawaii
Lloyd Grose	Lindy	Rugby Hero
Jack Baldwin	Pantywaist	To grow up
Eveline Kelly	Bright Eyes	To use them
Elmer Kelly	Smiley	To like them all
Ruth Boorman	Shrimpy	To roll the big drum
Irene Jones	Aunt Jemina	She done them wrong
Elizabeth Dominik	Lizzic	To stop the nickname
Vernon O'Connor	Windy	June
Eleanor Shadgett	Nan	Bob or something
Jean Nichols	Nicy	Local girl makes good
Jim Trotter	James D.	To be a public speaker
Wilfred Cummings	Weary Willy	Dolly
Kathleen Thackeray	Kay	To excite the male species
Thelma McLaren	Timmy	Songbird
Adelia Sargeant	Dilly	Out in Norwood
John Basciano	Bush	To be a ladies' man
Douglas Gledhill	Doug	Eleanora

Household Arts III

AFTER twenty long years' absence from Peterborough, I returned to find it greatly changed; I was, however, very glad to see my old home town again.

Of course, the first place I went to see was the Collegiate. When I got over to the cooking room door and rapped, expecting to see our previous teacher, Miss Ken-

THE ECHOES

dall, Isabel Skitch came and told me that Miss Kendal had resigned and that she was now teaching the poor kids to make tea biscuits and to get plenty of calories in their diet. She told me that Helen Hetherington was modelling bathing suits for children at the Deb Shop and Ruth Parnall was living just off the Port Hope Highway on a Fox Farm. We don't know just why she was there, but—.

I left to go downtown, but just as I got outside, I met Geraldine Chapman. I asked her where she was hanging around and she said she was Manager of the Chapman Knitting Co.

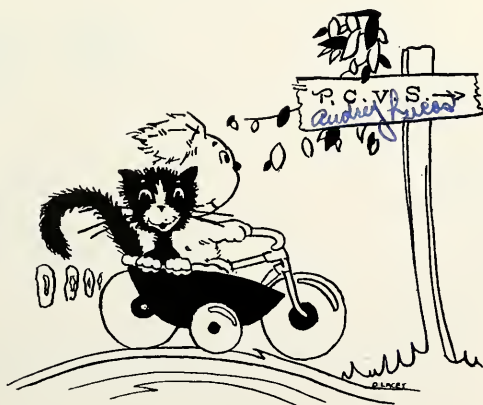
Gerry asked me if I had seen Mary Kingsbury since she went in training, and I hadn't, so I thought this was a good chance. When I got to the hospital, Mary told me that she was day nurse for a girl from our room when we were kids. It was Irene Battle, suffering from a sprained back, caused by trying to lift two of her cakes out of the oven at once.

Mary and I went to the theatre at night and here was Sophie Yeotes starring with Max Bebee—and Margaret Morgan playing the piano (at the opening of a new theatre).

As I was going home along Hunter St. E. I saw Myrtle Joyes looking out of a hardware store. Of course, you know what one! So I went in and asked her where Ruby Milburn was, and she told me she was over in Italy teaching special lessons in History and Economics.

As a wise man once said, "Sweet Mystery thou hast got me," therefore, let come what may, because at the end of another twenty years, I suppose we shall all be sitting in a large rocking chair beside the fireplace counting our fingers or something.

Reta Darling, H. A. III.



THE ECHOES

IIA Academic

WE, I feel sure, are the most humorous form in P. C. I. Every morning we are sparkling with humour that is so contagious that Mr. Brown has a hard time to control his mirth. Bannister starts the morning off, usually, in fine style and our merry energy overflows. Even in the afternoon we tackle whatever comes our way with such zeal that our teachers have a hard time keeping up to us!

Our Personnel?

It's very hard to know whom to begin with as they're all of equal importance in making IIA what it is. Bannister and Legros are our "Hilarious Harlequins" while Rutherford and McFarlane are more serious. Hooper and Miss Marshall are on intimate terms as are Legon, our rugby hero, and Miss Gilmour. Brown is our Geometry Genius, whereas Miss Ferguson is our Zoology Power, insisting as she does that a worm is an insect. Is it?

The Misses Humphries and Shortt are two of our Keenites and Miss Brown and Miss McIntosh are also from out-of-town. The Clark brothers are "IIA's twins." Peters is very original—especially in French, and Freeman—he's original too—in Geometry. Rogow and Green are our ladies' men this year, Ferguson and Davies—well, we couldn't do without them. (Foster and Jeffries are our artists).

Miss B. Ferguson is our G. A. A. representative, Misses Miller and Latimer are close friends, so are Miss Elliott and Miss Smith who are also noted speakers. We can't forget Miss Bridcott or Miss Garside. Miss Gluklick, though a new-comer, would be missed if she left.

Me? I'm just a part of IIA.

Terry.



THE ECHOES

III Academic

Let us make a visit to good ole form 2B,
And why we are so famous—you're very soon to sec.
The snores of Craig in Geometry are always sure to drown
Because Miss Smith and Westbye giggle all around the town.
We have two scarlet banners to wave about the stair—
The flaming locks of Ferguson, and Aggie's glowing hair.
The he-man of our class is that huge prize-fighter, Smoke,
And Kennie Boate is "ladies' man" (the girls think that's a joke!)
The "last of the Cowans" is renowned for his fame
Why, even Albert Einstein he's sure to put to shame.
A modest blushing trio—Misses Watson, Wallis and Wainwright.
All of us are wondering if poor Earhart's brain's right!
Cranford has the sweetest grin—(just like a Cheshire cat)
But from the basement to the top floor he's sure to chew the fat.
Miss Williams and Miss Harvey are athletic dames.
And do Miss Dummit and Miss Smart live up to their names?
Miss Saunders converse statement is (she's smarter'n all us mutts)
All nuts are brown—and all Browns are nuts.
Miss Schoales is the belle—of illustrious 2B—
(The booby prize we'll give to Don—'cause maybe he thinks it's he).
Ebbs is our villain bold—slouching down the aisle—
While Dougherty's our heavyweight—and Bill our constant smile (?)
Space is very small—
But of 2B—this is *not* all.

O. W.

A Day With IIC Academic

THIS is the big thirty-five, station IIC broadcasting through the courtesy of the P. C. V. S. commission.

—Dong—Just a minute,—who is in the lantern room?—Where is Hendren?—Did Seymour's motorcycle break down?—All right, you may go.

After assembly—Now will Misses Wild, Monnette, Kingan, and Rowan stop talking. Thompson has it—9.15 and he sits and winds his Massey Harris.

—Dong—2nd period—Mr. Legon makes Latin easy—Boyi et girloe are up laten et non havent their Latini done the nexte daye. (Ye olde schoole spirite).

—Dong—Dong—4th period—Curtis tells about his hitch hiking trips and Eleanor Scott is practising her radio announcing.

—Dong—Crash, Bang,—“Push your stools in please.” And the morning is over.

In the afternoon we have Geometry from goode olde Davy Brown—Start the Theorem Curtis—Are you still asleep—Curtis—Ah-er.

—Dong—Then two long periods of Arithmetic. Mr. Craig—Mr. Craig—“You know all these measurements are very extensively used.”

—Dong—Crash, Bang,—and the afternoon is over.

WANTED:

Frank McNulty wants to buy a lawn mower.

THE ECHOES

Thelma Monnette wants some sewing material.
Apply to form room.

LOST:

Don. Sedgewick lost his voice.
Please return to Miss Montgomery's room.

F. P.

IIA Commercial

ONE bright afternoon, it was announced that Form IIA Commercial would have a "Lit." Mind you, just IIA Commercial. But we, brave girls, stuck to the proposition, and actually did it! The curtain parted, and Lena Forsythe, Mistress of Ceremonies, addressed the audience. Then followed THE programme. The opening number was a pianoforte solo, "Rachmaninoff's Prelude," by Jean King. Then along came Rose de Carlo with a bright and sparkling ditty, "O Sole Mio." Next followed a ballet, "The Dance of the Humble Bees," this example of the light fantastic being undertaken by Irma Beatty, Alice Belfry, Dorothy Bestard, Marion Beatty, and Reta Butler! Our chairman then presented Shirley Grant in a learned discourse "The Art of Taffy Pulling." A high-light of the program was Gladys Cowan with a cornet solo, "Trumpeter, What Are You Sounding Now?"

The audience was beginning to get restless, but were holding up well under the strain (which was more than we were doing). However, a rapid-fire imitation of Walter Winchell by Theresa Corbett revived them somewhat. The audience began to look quite hopeful when Eleanor and Helen Delahaye sprinted onto the platform to sing, "What a Difference a Day Makes!" A clever skit, "The Mystery of the Yellow Pencil," starring Audrey Jeffries, who had the assistance of Mabel Clarke, Myrtle Larmer, Doris Hanwell and Edith Laws, nearly brought down the house, and the curtains too. All their fast-dying strength was needed by the girls who put on the next number, which was a gymnastic display. This showed off the shapely beauty of the girls taking part, namely—Catharine Hill, Helen Hartman, Adele Armstrong,



THE ECHOES

Lillian Hardy, Joyce Forsythe and Isabel Hartley, who were aided by a trio, being—Dorothy French with the drums, and Helen Gough and Dorothy Freeman playing Jew's harps.

The audience were now about to give us "The Bird" as Eddie Cantor would say, but were electrified by the appearance of—Gwynneth Campbell, with,—of all things!—a one-man band! While watching Gwen's struggles to perform this marvellous feat, I leaned forward in my seat, and found myself falling—falling—falling—WHOOOPS!! I've hit the floor! I look around me and see that—AH—what a relief! 'Twas all but a dream!

Margaret Goodley, IIA Commercial.

IIB Commercial

FOLKS, you ask who is that group marching into Miss Henry's room? Why that is IIB Commercial—and to tell you the truth you don't know what you have been missing, so let's get acquainted. The first is Donna White, a very shy girl, and the next is Helen Rowland, noted for her musical laugh. That little giggly girl is none other than Pat Scollard and the next is Norma May, a champion—why, of course—giggler.

The two Margarets—Sullivan and Munden—are usually quarrelling over the opposite sex as can be seen by their faces, while Dot Waldie, the next in line, is usually chosen to make peace between them. The rest of the girls, Phyllis Pink, Phyllis Starr, Lorraine Vass, Joyce Wills, Margaret Marshall and Peggy Primeau are all little and big imps but the Blonde Venus (Hazel Palmer) has them all beaten to a frazzle.

Let us turn now to the other sex and I will point them out to you. The first in line is Harkley, (Pest, in other words). He is followed by Ash and Kennedy, the two who are going to put Bing Crosby out of business. That boy combing his hair is Lomax—cute little dear, is he not? Those three weeny fellows are Peel, Dier and Mackay. Is that Daddy Long Legs? No he is Menzies and the next is Rusaw, the room's genius. The one laughing (indeed he is) is Cruickshanks. The short little fellow is Parkington, and the next is Houghton, a smart chap indeed, if he would try. That tall outstanding boy is Parker, and the last one is Jordan, a quiet peaceful fellow, and so we are at the end, so *au revoir!* folks.

A.V.L.



THE ECHOES

Form II Household Arts

A cute little trick of a girl, scarcely more than six feet high, is Frances Bestard. She was tripping lightly down the hall when she collided gently with Elma Moffat, who was apparently jay walking, (thinking of Smith). They were instantly engrossed in handing out apologies when a hurricane sauntered down the hall in the form of Alma Milburn who inquired, with the greatest indifference, if there was any homework that should have been done for to-day.

Elsie Martin bounced up, and upon close inspection, it was disclosed one orb was tinted a pale blue. She fell over a straw—those things are immense you know. Dorothy Blade arriving on the scene with Jean Matchett, chirruped—

Here has been dawning another black eye,
Think—wilt thou let it fade useless away?
Out of eternity the shiner was born,
Into eternity again 'twill return.

Jean Matchett, in a rumble that could not have been heard over three blocks away, said, "Don't be so rude." Norma Dunbar, looking as brave as a deer about to take flight, was clutching the hand of Madelyn Thompson, who was coyly peeking around the corner. "Such drivels," snorted Jean Blewitt. You never can tell about Jean, a girl of contradictions is she.

Audrey Doig espied Violet Stanley, threw her arms about the fond girl's neck and twittered, "Do you love me?" Violet, chewing the kinks out of a wad of gum, was too busy to do other than snort. Viola Sexsmith has hidden intelligence, but she would hate anyone to suspect her of it. A good pair are Edna Revoy and Violet Watkins. Edna's wit is excruciating, while Violet's is a doleful cheerfulness and after the first period she is willing to call it a day.

Well! I'm glad I had the opportunity of writing this about H 2, but don't doubt their sanity, doubt mine.

Bernice Niblett, H.A. 2.



THE ECHOES

IA Academic

WE WONDER WHY,—

Betty Barr likes Latin?
Dorothy Boyle is so noisy?
Greta Wilson never writes notes in spare?
Rosamond Burns never giggles?
Irene Poolman is always late?
Cecille Hardie never chews gum?
Frances Wells can't play the piano?
Wilma Armstrong doesn't like boys?
Doris Simpson doesn't know Algebra?
Our bright and shining trio, Bruce, Harding and Beggs can always answer
French questions?
Dinsdale knows his Literature?
Joy Walker doesn't like a certain Rugby Player?
Jean Jackson never talks about fashions?
Anne Cairns wants to be fat?
Dorothy Bateson knows about soils in Geography?
Kelly likes Latin and Botany better than Rugby?
Jopling hasn't a pain in his neck from turning around to look at girls?
Powers likes eating peanuts during Literature?
McKinley walks so slowly down the halls, ex-(like a hurricane)?

Ruth Brockwell, IA.

IB Academic

DEAR READERS:

Out of the spirit of meanness, I have taken it upon myself to write this impachable anecdote of the doings of my notorious form.

When we hear the high-pitched rattle of the bell we wander in an indolent manner to our seats, and after opening ceremonies of yawning, stretching, and groaning, fall into the morning coma.

The day being Tuesday we are tampered with by a Normal Student. By the end of the dismal period, Mr. Bamforth knows that student and pupils know nothing of Botany.

We next go to "Physical Torture" where Mr. Craig tries to mould our puny physiques after Mr. Bamforth's. This is quite impossible.

In a state of utter fatigue and exhaustion we climb the dizzy height of stairs to the lantern-room. Mr. Richardson finds to his disgust that this illustrious form knows nothing about his work and less about that of previous Geography teachers.

During Algebra Mr. Brown teaches us to solve many very difficult and baffling problems. E. G.:—If A. broke 1000 false-teeth which is equal to the number of rattles in B's "wubmobile" (Model T) find how much C. would contribute toward the construction of a single-span bridge from Halifax to Liverpool.

In the afternoon (first period) Miss MacIntosh enables us by medium of vivid

THE ECHOES

imagination to project ourselves back 2000 years, and speak and do as the Romans did. After Latin, "Castor et Pierre," then English, and last, to climax the afternoon, French.

Your Scribe,

Bill Davidson.

Famous Slogans for I D Academic

- Ruth Robinson—"An eye to the future, an ear to the ground."
Gordon Vallery—"Hasn't scratched yet."
David Rogers—"What every woman wants."
Gordon Smith—"One of the great."
Gwen Record—"Airflow and airstream."
Philip Turner—"Be prepared."
Sherry Reynolds—"Call for Philip—!"
Elfie Saunders—"I thought I was different."
Fisher Buckham—"Voice of Experience!"
Mary Richardson—"I live on \$18.00 a week and I can't afford a failure."
George Spicer—"Made with the finest ingredient."
Andrew Scott—"Speaking of bargains."
George Smedmor—"Now you can get into broadcasting."
Eileen Sellon—"Nervous? Fidgety? Irritable?"
Jack Roper—"Get a lift with a Camel."
Robert Sharpe—"High School Course in Two Years."
Zoe Stayzer—"Good to the last drop."

M. E. R.



THE ECHOES

IX Commercial

You did not expect to hear from us this year
Well, don't worry, you'll hear plenty, my dear.
Apart from Arithmetic, Miss O'Connell is swell,
But she says as talkers, we do too well.
Dorothy Moscrop is cleverest of us all,
And she's right on her toes at learning's call.
Donald Chamberlain lives away from here
So when report time comes he has nothing to fear.
Foster Hynch is very shy
So when asked a question he heaves a sigh.
Peggy Lawless deserves the praise of the class
For as an athlete, she's a very smart lass.
Evelyn King is rather plump you will find,
But people like Evelyn are good-natured and kind.
Mrs. Kennedy may well be proud of her child,
For Marguerite's behaviour is sweet and mild.
Well, I guess I'll sign off as there's no more to do,
And as for myself, I'm very well, thank you.

D. P.

Commercial Form IA

Always first in work or play,
Good sports all in form I A.
One of our girls is Elsie Board
Who's as modern as a V-8 Ford.
And Elva Barringer, a winsome lass,
Miss O'Connell says could lead the class
But she cuts up all day in school
Until "Dot" Brady falls off her stool.
We have Miss Bassett with ginger hair,
And Marcella Dorrington's baby stare.
Selma Florence is an artist grand,
Who paints her lips with a lavish hand.
Adams and Hillier are girls you should know,
Both, you will find at any picture show.
Miss Dobson's the girl that you hear laugh and shout.
But she hasn't been jolly, since her last sick bout.
Miss Ruth Fisher, tho' not so thin,
Is a Rubinoﬀ with her violin.
Marie Jones is our smallest lass,
Who does her homework all in class.
But we're all good pupils and an honour to the school,
Tho' we all vex our teachers, as a general rule,
But no matter what may happen, or what they may say,
You'll find no better pupils than in form I A.



J. Armstrong.

THE ECHOES

WHO'S WHO IN ATHLETICS? — IB COMMERCIAL

TWO CUPS — TWO PENNANTS

At the field-day tournament two pupils of IB Commercial won the silver cups. Miss Muriel McMillan won the Intermediate championship, Miss Peggy Lawless won the Junior championship. The pennant for the highest points came to IB Commercial. More than that IB won the pennant for the Volley Ball tournament.

D. P.

IC COMMERCIAL

Form Representative of Literary Society	Jack Seymour
Sports Representative, Girls	Orma Ristow
Sports Representative, Boys	
Echoes Reporter	Warden Wright

SPORTS

Boys' relay team, consisting of Cliff Morrow, Speed Barnes, Gerard Primeau, Wardy Wright.

Girls' relay team, consisted of Margaret Rea, Orma Ristow, Evelyn Young and Phyllis Whatley. (Finished second.)

Intermediate Boys' Athletic Championship was won by Wardy Wright.

IC contributed a few hockey players and rugby players.

W. W.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

A goodly form is H. A. I
 Although we're not so clever—
 The teachers think we're pretty dumb,
 So now we will endeavour
 To set them right, 'twill be a job—
 But it can't last forever.
 First is Marg, she's always smiling,
 Though I cannot tell you why.
 Next is Lady Isabel
 Who is often heard to sigh.
 Ethel just must talk and laugh,
 And has to write out lines,
 Next is Jean, a little one,
 Who seldom ever pines.
 Then we have our red-head Jean,
 The only one of her kind.
 Petite Audrey is next in line,
 Who teasing does not mind.
 This espistle just must cease
 It might as well be now,
 So with a word to other mates
 I make my exit bow.

D. I. L.



THE ECHOES

INDUSTRIAL ARTS 1A AND 1B

Industrial Arts 1A and 1B is a brilliant class
Has many a boy but never a lass.
We are "Jack of all Trades," the best to be found
If you need any fixing, why just call around.

IMPORTANT PERSONAGES

Allen—Teachers' pest.
Agnew—Supplies the laughter.
Borland—Small but smart.
Benson—Amusing child.
Coss—Cartoonist.
Clarke—Interesting student.
Cherney—Electrical Wizard.
Creighton—All round athlete.
Dean—Champion pugilist.
Davis—Genius of the class.
Fine—Just like his name
Fontaine and Fowler—Musicians of renown.
Francis—Plays the Jew's harp.
Farr—Far away, especially in school.
Ford—Very distant relative of Henry Ford.
Grady—The (Tango) King.
Garvey—Paper boy who is always late.
Graham—Outstanding Mathematician.

Francis—"Why are motor cars spoken of as She?"
Teacher—"Because women are superior."
Francis—"Well, it takes a man to handle them."

Teacher—"Where is your book?"
Creighton—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Who does?"
Creighton—"The one who took it."



OUR TEACHERS

Miss Bailey—so petite.
Miss Meredith—a speller of might.
Mr. Corneil—a scientist great.
Mr. Ross—who in mathematics decides our fate.
Mr. Davies—a genius of the lines.
Mr. Rutherford—a designer of sine.
Mr. Weames—he's tall and thin.
Mr. Bamforth—he gives us our vim.
Mr. Beals—the auto mechanic.
Mr. Brown—connected with all things metallic.

THE ECHOES

We wonder what would happen if:

R. McWilliams got to school on time at least once a week.

R. McDougall brought a pen to school once in a while.

W. Hillier wasn't laughing.

D. Meredith brought his books to mathematics periods.

B. McClelland wasn't chewing gum.

F. Gishman started to grow.

M. Sexsmith didn't ask questions.

We also wonder why:

Keith is a WOOD instead of a forest,

Arnold is PICKLES instead of olives.

Elmer is a HALL instead of a room.

Gordon is a PAIGE instead of a chapter.

Jack is HALE instead of hearty.

Teacher—(In literature period): "McWilliams, what is a Knight of the Bath?"

McWilliams—(dreamily): "Saturday night."

B. E. L.



THE ECHOES

Echoes' Puzzle Corner

1. If I bought a bottle and a cork for \$1.10 and the bottle cost \$1.00 more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?

2. Three men went to a ball game and each took two sons. They bought seven tickets and they each had a seat to see the game. How did they do it?

3. Place eight checkers on a checker-board having no two in a straight line either diagonally, vertically or horizontally. N.B.—A checker-board has eight squares across and eight down.

4. Put down the number of your living brothers, multiply by three, add three, multiply by five, add the number of living sisters, multiply by 10, add the number of dead brothers or sisters, subtract 150 from the result. The right hand digit will show the number of deaths. The middle will show the number of living sisters. The left-hand will show the number of living brothers.

5. Five men were ship-wrecked on a lonely island. They discovered the sole occupant, a monkey, which they adopted. They spent the day gathering cocoanuts and at night had quite a pile which they decided to divide up next morning. During the night one man arose, divided the pile evenly into five piles and had one left over which he tossed to the monkey. He hid his pile and made a single pile of the other four. Later, man No. 2 arose and did likewise, also in turn No. 3 and No. 4, each finding one over which went to the monkey. But No. 5 found the pile divided evenly among the five. How many cocoanuts in the pile at first?



By moving position of three matches, reduce the five squares to four.

VERTICAL:

1. What a tiger does.
2. What a lion does.
3. What a dog does.
4. What a fish sometimes does.

1	2	3	4
5			
6			
7			

HORIZONTAL:

1. Insects.
5. Organs of sight.
6. Annoy.
7. Comfort.

SOLUTIONS ON REQUEST AT ECHOES' OFFICE



THE ECHOES

	1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8	9	10	
11				12	13				14			15	
16				17	18								
19				20			21	22	23	24			
			25			26	27	28					
29	30		31				32		33		34		
		35			36	37							
	38	39			40			41		42			
43					44				45			46	
47													
48		49	50	51	52			53	54		55		
		56					57		58				
59	60		61		62	63					64		
	65					66							
	67		68			69							

HORIZONTAL

1. Jack McKone's nickname since he started to go with the little blonde.
4. An unpleasant thing creeping on people.
7. State of hirsute growth on teachers' heads.
11. Gord Pammett's wit.
13. Lapse of time or epoch.
14. Producers of beef.
16. Knocks.
17. Our forefathers.
19. Small part of girl's equipment for flirting.
20. Collegiate yell.
21. Exclamation.
23. The cakes in the Household Arts will fall flat even if this is used.
25. A name that I am glad is not my own.
27. Upon.
29. Given for remembrance.
32. The type of beauty not produced by an 18 day diet.
35. Chemical symbol for arsenic, then add a letter.
36. Betty Thompson's address.
38. A girl's name.
40. Found in Trig. class and good to eat.
41. Spread by Louise Lundy and Betsy Scott.
43. A young girl.
44. Colour of Mr. Legon's hair.
45. Filter through slowly.
47. Indefinite article.
48. Something no P.C.I. student can achieve.
55. Green on a stop-light.
56. A south-sea island.
57. A tremendous draught.
59. Masc. 3rd person possessive.
61. Dot's I'm.
63. A lady (?) who created a stir in the movies. First name.
64. French for bone.
65. A water animal. (You oughter know this).
66. Needed by most boy's trousers.
67. Abbr. of a Maritime Province.
68. Abbr. of street.
69. Worn on the head.

THE ECHOES

VERTICAL

1. "Dink" Amys calls "Flossie" Harvey this in a sentimental mood.
2. Everyone wants to kill him at a ball game.
3. Done by "Spark" and "Bink" when the lights are low.
5. Command to a horse.
6. Irish.
8. A good deal more ground than even Ascot's feet will cover.
9. Poetical exclamation.
10. Initials of V a's fat boy.
11. This has spoiled many a college boy.
12. Nickname for the huskiest and most popular young lady in the school.
15. No longer used in warfare.
18. Bob Maybee insists on doing this with his car on a suitable stretch of road.
22. The only thing on Sam Patte's old Ford that will work.
24. A little-known animal often found in cross-word puzzles.
25. Demanded too much in Composition.
26. Well above your heads.
28. Eagerly awaited.
30. Girls like this around their necks.
31. Something that Doug. McPherson does very well in basketball but not in school.
33. These bind as well as cause quarrels in families.
34. Everybody has one, Jack Benny's goat has none and Art Stinson is over-stocked.
37. What metal becomes when heated highly.
39. Where Jack Couper's thoughts are a great deal of the time.
40. Harold Botnick's conversation. (Spelled phonetically).
42. The average first-former.
43. The biggest thing in the school often seen with one of the smallest.
46. Well-known Mexican labourers.
49. Everybody has them and is usually ashamed of them.
50. Latin conjunction meaning "that."
51. Large works. (Literary).
52. On the job.
53. Met in literature and in fairy forests.
54. A change for the bedder.
55. Ron Burns' and Tom Smart's nickname; also lays golden eggs.
58. Another word for rubber.
60. A small thing that is charged.
62. First to come out in spring.



Gay Walker

Donald Meredith

THE ECHOES

Theme Songs

Mr. Kenner:
Mr. Morris:
Mr. Browne:
Mr. Legon:
Miss Montgomery:
Mr. Bamforth:
Miss Brisbin:
Mr. Zavitz:
Mr. Rutherford:
Mr. Weames:
Mr. Graham:
Miss MacIntosh:
Mr. Pettit:
Miss Kendall:
Miss Gerrard:
Mr. Henry:
Miss E. Cottrell:
Mr. Toole:

Tell me a story.
An orchid to you.
Take a number from one to ten (or a cookie).
Everybody loves my baby.
Just once too often.
You're a builder upper.
Bend down, sister.
Let's call it all a dream.
The little man with a hammer.
Stride up the band.
Watch your step.
Why?
Little man you've had a busy day.
In a kitchenette.
I can sew a button.
Just an Echo.
I want to ring bells.
If I had a million dollars.

Can't Dignity

Eden Thomas

Harlow Cutting

Robert Ingram

Len Martin:
Harry Marsh:
Anna McKenzie:
"Spark" LeClair:
"Bink" Cruthers:
Ron Burns:
Marg Lytle:
Don Carr:
Bob Maybee
Elizabeth MacKay:
Don Ross:

I'm just dreamin'.
The little things in life.
A great big man from the south.
I love you, truly.
Truly, dear?
My old flame.
You belong to me.
The object of my affection.
Love is just around the corner.
Maybe, who knows?
Somebody stole my gal.

Marie Phelps

J. E. Bennett

Mr. Richardson



Viv Brown

THE ECHOES

Fergie Barr:	I never had a chance.
Doug MacPherson:	Waiting at the gate for Katie.
Jack McKone:	Hyah, Duchess, old kid, old sock.
Helen McGee:	Blame it on my youth.
Jean Howson:	Give me a heart to sing to.
Whipple Kelly:	All of me.
Jean Cowling:	You fit into the picture.
Kay Lacy:	My art's in the right place.
Jim Wood:	Drink to me only with thine eyes.
Bill Scott:	You ought to be in pictures.
Jim Morrow:	Tiptoe thru the tulips with me.
George Ringer:	String along with me.
Sam Patte:	Freckleface.
Bill Ford:	Red hot rhythm.
Betty Hopwood:	Sophisticated lady.
Kay Caddy:	I've got an invitation to a dance.
Jack Couper:	Two loves have I.
Bev Rogers:	You're not the only oyster in the stew.
Harold Botnick:	The nit-wit serenade.
Art Stinson:	And as the nose goes.
Anna Edmondson:	What is this thing called love?
Grant Smedmor:	I don't want to be president.
John Langley:	When my ship comes in.
Betty Lytle:	Where's Elmer.
Murray Gates:	You're the top.
Marion Harvey:	Ink a Dink a Dink, I do.
"Dink" Amys:	Take your girlie to the movies.
Dave Wilson:	Home, Home on the range.
Joe Barnard:	I woke up too soon.
Carleton Patch:	Congratulate me.
Bill Wheeler:	Stacey, sweet as you are.
Marion Stacey:	Doing the racoon.
Jack Ferguson:	It's June in January.
Marion Salmonsens:	Mile a minute.
Gord Pammett:	Lost in a fog.
Don Welch:	I'm jealous.
Eddie Huffman:	Hallelujah! I'm a bum.
Win Wray:	I want to be bad.
Hilda Thompson:	You were meant for me.
George Hall:	How about tomorrow night?
Gladys Carvolth:	Jack's the boy.

And it is with regret that we write the last theme song: Annie doesn't live here anymore.



Elmer Pearse: I want two dozen loaves of bread.

Clerk: Big party on?

Elmer: No, I work at the zoo, and the Kangaroo has kicked the elephant, so I want to make a bread poultice.

Ormond Benson: Have you got soup on the menu?

Waiter: I did have, but I wiped it off.

Mr. Browne (to VB orchestra members): Are you boys musicians?

Jim Morrow: No, sir; we play in the orchestra.

Walter Ward (strolling through Jackson's Park): My, what an awful waste!

Dorothy Lacey: Mind your own business.

Ray Gillis: What would you do with ten cents and a buggy top?

Art Stinson: I dunno.

Ray Gillis: Buy a fine-tooth comb.

Dentist: That's too bad, I've run out of gas.

"Peaches" Grahame: Oh yeah! I've heard that story before.

Coach: Do you smoke cigarettes?

Candidate: Sure, what do you do with them?

Teacher: Miss Caddy, where is your form?

Kay: I didn't come here to be insulted.

Maybe Marion Harvey isn't much to look at now, but she must have been attractive at one time because, she tells me, a horse once ran away with her.

Waiter: Zoup, sir, zoup?

Harry Gainey: What in the world are you talking about?

Waiter: You know what hash is? Well, zoup is looser.

"Gump" Gemmell: Don't you think Mr. Browne's hair is just like snow?

"Drake" Jopling: Yeah: but most of it has been shovelled off.

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AL. SHARPE

Phone 975

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT COMPOSED BY MISS MARGARET WYLLIE

Sherry Bond: My father shaves outside on the porch.

Alicia Langley: Shaves outside?

Sherry Bond: Of course, do you think he's fur-lined.

Gus Gonsolus: Jenkins, what do you mean by interrupting this unemployed meeting? You're fired!

Jean Fraser (translating): He thought he heard a little hoarse chuckling.

Len Martin (seeing the joke): Ha! Ha!

Teacher: But not the bray of a jack-ass, Martin.

One of the teaching staff sent the following testimonial to a firm manufacturing a hair restorer, "I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head but after using a bottle of your lotion, I only have one." We refuse to give the name of the teacher.

George Ringer: Have you ever been in a railway accident?

Walter Howell: By Jove, Yes! I remember one day when I went through a tunnel and kissed the father instead of the daughter.

Mr. Zavitz (pointing to a cigarette stub on floor): "Welch, is that yours?"

"Not at all, sir. You saw it first."

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and
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take a
chance
on
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Marg. MacDonald: Why did you break your engagement to Herb?"

Jane Best: He deceived me. He told me he was a liver and kidney specialist, and I found out that he only worked in a butcher shop.

500 George Street

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Brakes Tested, Adjusted and Relined

Gas - Oil - Grease

Cars Washed and Repaired

J. DETCHER

Lecturer: "Wake that fellow next to you, will you?"

Comrie: "Aw! do it yourself, you put him to sleep."

Mr. Morris in Form V.: "Do you remember way back in the days when the word "neck" used to be a noun?"

Clothes of Character.....

A complete line of Young Men's Hats, Suits, Topcoats
and General Furnishings at Moderate Prices.

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Picture Matting and Showcard
Boards

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Paper Products

The Cover on this book is of our
manufacture

Kilts were invented by an Aberdeen woman who won a girl's skirt in a raffle and whose only child was a boy.

Betsy Scott: Is he musically inclined?

Jean Howson: Well, he knows how to make overtures.

First Student: Is my face dirty or is it just my imagination?

Second Student: Well, your face is clean.

Gladys: "The new maid has burned the bacon and eggs, darling. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?"

Jack Miller (husband): "Sure, bring her in."

Tough Luck

has been defined as an intoxicated person with one arm around a girl, driving a stolen car the wrong way on a "one way" street, knocking down a traffic officer and crashing into a Police Station.

But what about the uninsured autoist who has figured in a smash involving his own and another man's car and causing personal injuries to pedestrians into the bargain?

Automobile accidents are an hourly occurrence and **YOU** may be the next to face a heavy bill for damages and perhaps Court charges. **Are you giving your car a blank cheque on your Bank account or protecting yourself with a policy issued by**

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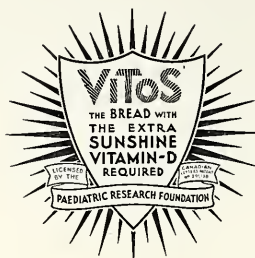
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—◆—
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—◆—
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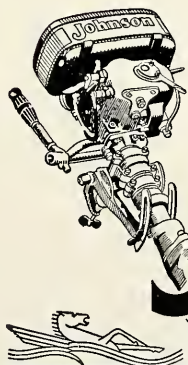
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Jack: Never mind, I've had them twice.

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Olive Rowe: What's that big bump on your forehead?

Dolly Sproat: That's not a bump, that's my new hat.

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Student: Gosh! Yes.

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